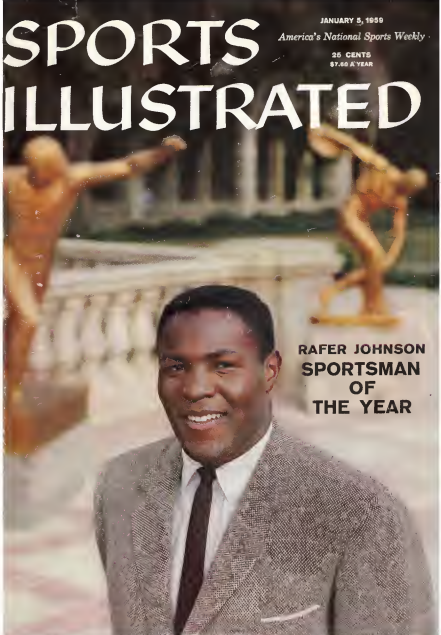


SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JANUARY 5, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

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OF
THE YEAR**



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Cover, Rafer Johnson ▶

The Sportsman of the Year was UCLA's great all-round athlete, whose moment came this summer in Moscow. Cokes Phenix's portrayal of Rafer Johnson starts on page 19.

Photography by John G. Zimmerman

Next week

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



► Ice hockey is in the news, with the story of the brilliant Ranger pro, Andy Bathgate, by Kenneth Ruden, and a report on the Russian foray into the U.S. by Robert Boyle.

► Photographer Hy Peskin gives you an extraordinary view of basketball with a set of color pictures snapped from a perch behind the backboard as the action swirled below.

► Foxhunting in Ireland is ancient and homeside sport which is now happily available to Americans. Tosi Frisell describes it in pictures and Tans Neville in words.

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Contents

JANUARY 5, 1959 Volume 10, Number 1

- 8 The Best Football Game Ever Played
The Colts won it—and the professional championship. By Tex Maule
- 12 Surrender at Notre Dame
Terry Brennan's dismissal, for winning too few games, is a setback to the university as well
- 19 Sportsman of 1958
Presenting the Man himself, plus two who merited special mention and a gallery of runners-up
- 34 The Gaels Gallop Again
Little St. Mary's may be the best basketball college in the West. By Jeremiah Tex
- 36 Ski Tip
Famed teacher Willy Schaeffer, in the first of a weekly series, tells how to handle lifts
- 41 T-bird on the Racing Trail
The admission of Ford's Thunderbird to NASCAR racing promises a furor; it bows in next month
- 42 Going Dutch in the Caribbean
The Netherlands Antilles provide an offbeat haven in southern seas. By Horace Sutton
- 51 Part II: Figure Skating
Maribel Vinson explains the pleasures and problems of skating with a partner

The departments

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 6 Basketball's Week | 40 Boxing |
| 6 Coming Events | 41 Motor Sports |
| 7 Scoreboard | 49 Sporting Look |
| 15 Events & Discoveries | 50 Charles Goren |
| 34 Basketball | 61 Tip from the Top |
| 36 Ski Tip | 62 19th Hole |
| 38 Food | 64 Pat on the Back |

Acknowledgments on page 7

Broadmoor

All Colorado is celebrating the 100th anniversary of the Rush to the Rockies – and there's a special calendar in planning event at the Broadmoor! For example –

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MEMO *from the publisher*

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED publishes no more important story than the announcement of the Sport-man of the Year. Although in itself not a news story, it does, I think it's fair to say, make news. In the broadest sense, focusing upon the performance and bearing of an individual, it is example and endorsement of the highest standards which sport both demands and creates.

It becomes a judgment by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED of these standards and so a standard by which to judge SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. For here we are evaluating quality of effort and manner of striving. In doing that, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED must most plainly reflect its own philosophy.

This philosophy firmly holds that sport brings out the best in people, in both quality and manner. While this is true of many human endeavors, from business to war, few endeavors can claim to produce a higher proportion of good guys to bad guys or simply of good to bad; and "sportsmanlike" surely stands for an ideal quite different from "businesslike" or "warlike."

In any year a choice of the Sportsman is difficult. In fact, it's almost impossible. Take, for example, those named in this issue as contenders. Or the many others readers have previously nominated.

Any year SPORTS ILLUSTRATED might well have had a different Sportsman. But this year it could not have had a better. For he represents an attitude toward life and self that reaches far beyond the playing field into American character.

It is an attitude which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED respects in Rafer Johnson, in sport and in America.

Harry Phillips

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COMING EVENTS

January 2 to January 8
All times EST

★ Color television ♦ Television ■ Not on radio

Friday, January 2

- BASKETBALL** (reg.)
Tenn. 10 p.m. NBC
Bryn. 10 p.m. NBC
Bryn. at Phila. 10 p.m. NBC
New York at Minneapolis
- HOCKEY**
Omaha at Maple, 7:00 p.m., NBC
Calif. at New York, 10 p.m. NBC
Los Ang. at Los Ang., 8:00 p.m., NBC
Los Ang. at Los Ang., 8:00 p.m., NBC
Los Ang. at Los Ang., 8:00 p.m., NBC
Los Ang. at Los Ang., 8:00 p.m., NBC
- SOCCER**
Los Ang. at Los Ang., 8:00 p.m., NBC

Saturday, January 3

- BASKETBALL** (reg.)
Calif. at Los Ang., 10 p.m. NBC
Georgia Tech. at Kentucky, 10 p.m. NBC
Indiana at Michigan State, 10 p.m. NBC
Iowa at Northwestern, 10 p.m. NBC
Louisville at Xavier, 10 p.m. NBC
Marquette at St. Louis, 10 p.m. NBC
North Carolina at Notre Dame at Charlotte, N.C., 10 p.m. NBC
St. Louis at St. Louis, 10 p.m. NBC
St. Louis at St. Louis, 10 p.m. NBC
St. Louis at St. Louis, 10 p.m. NBC
- FOOTBALL**
Baylor at Texas, 10 p.m. NBC
- GOLF**
All-Star Golf, 10 p.m. NBC
All-Star Golf, 10 p.m. NBC
All-Star Golf, 10 p.m. NBC
All-Star Golf, 10 p.m. NBC
- HOCKEY** (reg.)
Boston at Chicago, 10 p.m. NBC
Boston at Chicago, 10 p.m. NBC
Boston at Chicago, 10 p.m. NBC
Boston at Chicago, 10 p.m. NBC
- HORSE RACING**
Santa Anita, 10 p.m. NBC
Santa Anita, 10 p.m. NBC
Santa Anita, 10 p.m. NBC
Santa Anita, 10 p.m. NBC

Sunday, January 4

- BASKETBALL** (reg.)
Baylor at Texas, 10 p.m. NBC
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Baylor at Texas, 10 p.m. NBC
Baylor at Texas, 10 p.m. NBC
- HOCKEY**
Boston at Chicago, 10 p.m. NBC
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Monday, January 5

- BASKETBALL** (reg.)
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- HOCKEY**
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Tuesday, January 6

- BASKETBALL** (reg.)
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Baylor at Texas, 10 p.m. NBC
Baylor at Texas, 10 p.m. NBC
- HOCKEY**
Boston at Chicago, 10 p.m. NBC
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Wednesday, January 7

- BASKETBALL** (reg.)
Baylor at Texas, 10 p.m. NBC
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Baylor at Texas, 10 p.m. NBC
Baylor at Texas, 10 p.m. NBC
- HOCKEY**
Boston at Chicago, 10 p.m. NBC
Boston at Chicago, 10 p.m. NBC
Boston at Chicago, 10 p.m. NBC
Boston at Chicago, 10 p.m. NBC

Thursday, January 8

- BASKETBALL** (reg.)
Baylor at Texas, 10 p.m. NBC
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Baylor at Texas, 10 p.m. NBC
Baylor at Texas, 10 p.m. NBC
- HOCKEY**
Boston at Chicago, 10 p.m. NBC
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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by LES WOODCOCK

THE SOUTH

While the rest of the nation's basketball teams crisscrossed the country in search of tournaments, most of the South's ball-players spent the Christmas holiday at home with their families. This meant that some of the nation's top teams were idle. Kentucky had won eight straight, including its own invitational tournament, before taking the week off. South Carolina had made it five games in a row when it won the Bluegrass tournament, before resting up last week.

Highly ranked Auburn did take time out from its holiday to watch Little Florence (Ala.) State 104-78, thereby increasing its two-year winning streak to 17. Georgia Tech. not so highly ranked, welcomed Ryans, the fading Skyline Conference defender, 110-78 at home for its fourth win in a row and then made the mistake of going west. There, St. Louis's great height and Bob Ferry's 33 points soured Tech's Yuletide spirit 90-73.

THE MIDWEST

It was a wonderful week for Big Ten fans in general and Northwestern rosters in particular. The Wildcats warmed up with a 75-69 win over Washington and then took on West Virginia, the nation's No. 1 team last year, in the week's biggest game. With only 24 seconds remaining and West Virginia one point ahead, Northwestern's superb scorer, Joe Raulick, sank one of two foul shots to force an overtime. The two teams were still tied at the end of the first overtime. Then Northwestern ran up 19 points to win going away 118-109. Purdue brushed past Butler 78-65 and beat hot and cold Notre Dame 74-59 to win the Hoosier Classic and its seventh straight game.

While Carlsbad rested on its 5-0 record, Bradley upheld the honor of the Missouri Valley Conference. The Braves showed their versatility while beating Dartmouth 50-44 when they parked their famous fast break for a 14-minute freeze in the second half, taking only three shots the whole period. But normally returned when Bradley ran all over Gonzaga 90-73 for its seventh win in a row. Tulsa won its fifth straight when Sophomore Dave Voss sank a basket with two seconds to go against New Mexico A&M, but then fell before lightly regarded Duquesne 78-67 in the All-College tournament at Oklahoma City.

With former St. Louis Coach Ed Hickey's newly installed fast break working to perfection, Marquette ripped apart previously unbent Xavier at this 86-71 (Hickey's players carried him from

the floor on their shoulders) and went on to breeze past neighboring Milwaukee U. 76-60 for its seventh consecutive win and 9-1 overall. Xavier pulled itself together to lick Oregon in the Oklahoma City tournament but was then crushed by once-beaten Oklahoma City 81-54. In that tournament Bowling Green expected better things after slipping by Wichita, only to be upset, too, by a suddenly red-hot Duquesne 89-83.

Undeclared Tennessee Tech roared jauntily into the Evansville (Ind.) tournament with seven straight wins behind it and just managed to squeak by St. Mary's 69-67 (see page 34). Then, in the



LEAPING HIGH for rebound, Northwestern Star Joe Raulick clears backboard; defeat of West Virginia was major upset.

finals, little Evansville, which isn't even considered a major college, turned out to be a poor host and smashed Tech 160-73. Touring Seattle ran away from Marshall 91-86, was stunned by Akron 70-63, then decimated a strong Loyola of Chicago team 70-49.

Kansas State almost slipped against lovely Missouri when All-American Bob Boozer fouled out with six minutes to go. But the Wildcats managed to hang on for a 69-66 win in the opener of the Big Eight Holiday tournament. Kansas, awful without Wilt, lost to hot-shooting Colorado; Nebraska upset unassuming Oklahoma State and Oklahoma slipped past Iowa State as the Big Eight previewed the conference season.

THE SOUTHWEST

On the eve of Southwest Conference play, TCU and Texas A&M (both 7-1) became the teams to beat. TCU came from behind in the last 90 seconds to beat Baylor 62-55 in the possession tournament and then, with 6-00th 10-inch, 240-pound H. E. Kierchner throwing in 27 points, beat SMU 74-64. The Texas Aggies upset Texas Tech 66-54 as Neil Schneider scored 22 points and just managed to edge Rice 60-59 when Ernie Turner flipped in two foul shots with 12 seconds to go.

THE EAST

St. Joseph's, whose only loss has been to Kansas State, looked more and more like the class of the East as it easily beat Syracuse 72-60 in the opening round of the Madison Square Garden Holiday Festival. The next night the well-tanned Hawks played as hard as they needed to against a multi-might Link team averaging 6 feet 11 1/2 inches, 205 pounds, and pushed their record to 8-1 with a 79-65 win. With sophomore jump-shooter Tony Jackson and veteran Al Seaton combining for 91 points, unopposed St. John's kept pace with St. Joseph's by first-breaking its way past Holy Cross 77-65, then romping over previously unbeaten Dayton 76-62. Niagara, which also entered the tournament undefeated, lost two games within 24 hours, but could look to Sophomore Al Butler's 35-point total for some solace.

Dartmouth, pride of the Ivy League, wound up a disastrous journey through the Midwest with a revitalizing 88-75 win over Brigham Young at the Queen City tournament. The same night once-generous Seton Hall was humiliated by Kansas 72-45. Princeton, another top Ivy team, also found the Midwest hard to take when Ohio State roughed it up 76-66. Connecticut wisely stayed home and warmed up for another Yankee Conference title with wins over Georgetown and Temple to run its record to 8-1.

College of the Pacific found the East easy pickings as it broke a five-game losing streak with wins over Iowa and St. Peter's.

THE WEST

Usually humble Utah State continued to be the surprise of the Skyline Conference as it ran its record to 4 games 7-2 with two wins over Idaho. Meanwhile, the regular Skyline powers Utah, Brigham Young and Wyoming could win only two of the seven games they played. Pacific Coast Conference teams had just about as rough a time of it as they hopped around the country, losing as often as they won. Idaho State, a perennial power until still in the Rocky Mountain Conference, joined to its ninth win in a row with easy victories over Arizona and Alaska.

SCOREBOARD

A roundup of holiday sports action

FOR THE RECORD

BASKETBALL OTIS RALPH, 6'5 1/2", 160 lbs., center, St. Joseph's, 10 points, 10 rebounds, 10 assists, 10 steals, 10 blocks, 10 fouls, 10 minutes, 10 seconds, 10 thirds, 10 fourths, 10 fifths, 10 sixths, 10 sevens, 10 eights, 10 nines, 10 tens, 10 elevens, 10 twelves, 10 thirteens, 10 fourteens, 10 fifteens, 10 sixteens, 10 seventeens, 10 eighteens, 10 nineteens, 10 twentys.

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faces in the crowd . . .



ROBERT M. PATO, JR., 1950-51 basketball coach at Rutgers University, was given Morris Touchdown Memorial trophy for outstanding contributions to game and for best team development of 1951.



RICHARD ALLEN HILL, 1951-52 former assistant coach at St. Francis, St. Louis, and coach of Franklin Albert, was hired to take over when his disorganized class left off with a 1-10 record.



NANCY WILLIAMS of Cypress Gardens, Fla., won women's over-all title in American Winter Ski Association tournament, Winter Haven, Fla. Buster McCalla won men's division.



SAMMY GIAMMALVA, 24, former F.S. Davis Cup team member was picked as tennis champion at River Oaks Hotel, Houston, to succeed George Kirby who gave up post because of injury.



BILL WEBER, assistant coach of Cleveland Indians and St. Louis Browns, has the 10th year, admitted "some discontent" with Mrs. Dorothy Wagner, managing shareholder of the top White Sox.



BILL HOLMES, 31, 10-year coach in the late Red Sanders at UCLA, was made head coach at school. Holmes replaces George Dickerson, who resigned because of injuries to Sanders, who suffered nervous collapse.



F. W. BRENNAN, 1950 fullback for LSU in championship team, won the 1950-51 National Sportsmanship award for giving up ball to resume basketball classes in LSU's new winged-Y attack.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS									
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11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70
71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80
81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90
91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100

THE BEST FOOTBALL

In football's first brush with sudden death, the Baltimore Colts won the world championship in hair-raising style

by **TEX MAULE**

NEVER has there been a game like this one. When there are so many high points, it is not easy to pick the highest. But for the 60,000 and more fans who packed Yankee Stadium last Sunday for the third week in a row, the moment they will never forget—the moment with which they

will eternally bore their grandchildren—came when, with less than 10 seconds to play and the clock remorselessly moving, the Baltimore Colts kicked a field goal which put the professional football championship in a 17-17 tie and necessitated a historic sudden-death overtime

period. Although it was far from apparent at the time, this was the end of the line for the fabulous New York Giants, eastern titleholders by virtue of three stunning victories over a great Cleveland team (the last a bruising extra game to settle the tie in which they finished their regular season), and the heroes of one of the most courageous comebacks in the memory of the oldest fans.

This was also a game in which a seemingly irretrievable loss was twice defied. It was a game which had

SMASHING THROUGH A TANGLE OF ARMS AND LEGS, BALTIMORE'S L. G. DUPRE (46) PIERCES NEW YORK DEFENSE. THUNDEROUS



GAME EVER PLAYED

everything. And when it was all over, the best football team in the world had won the world's championship.

The Baltimore Colts needed all their varied and impressive talent to get the 17-17 tie at the end of the regular four quarters. Then, for eight and one quarter minutes of the sudden-death extra period, in which victory would go to the first team to score, all of the pressure and all of the frenzy of an entire season of play was concentrated on the misty football field at Yankee Stadium. The fans

kept up a steady, high roar. Tension grew and grew until it was nearly unbearable. But on the field itself, where the two teams now staked the pro championship and a personal winners' share of \$4,700 against a losers' share of \$3,100 on each play, coldly precise football prevailed. With each team playing as well as it was possible for it to play, the better team finally won. The Baltimore Colts, ticking off the yards with sure strength under the magnificent direction of Quarterback Johnny Unitas, scored the

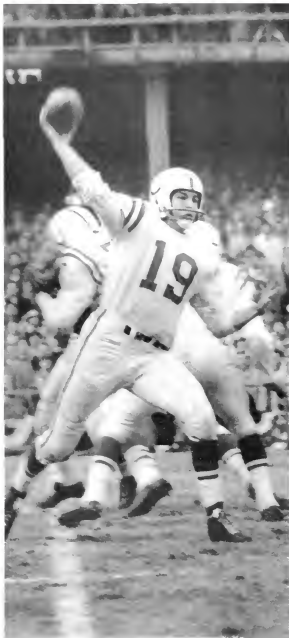
touchdown which brought sudden death to New York and the first championship to hungry Baltimore.

This game, unbelievably, managed to top all the heroics of the spectacular Giant victories which had led up to it. The Colts won because they are a superbly well armed football team. They spent the first half picking at the small flaws in the Giant defense, doing it surely and competently under the guidance of Unitas. The Giant line, which had put destructive

continued

BLOCKING LIKE THIS BY THE BIG, ACTIVE COLT LINE MOVED THE FINE GIANT DEFENDERS BACK TO SPEARHEAD VICTORY





GREATEST GAME *continues*

pressure on Cleveland quarterbacks for two successive weeks, found it much more difficult to reach Unitas. Andy Robustelli, the fine Giant end, was blocked beautifully by Jim Parker, a second-year tackle with the Colts. Unitas, a tall, thin man who looks a little stooped in his uniform, took his time throwing, and when he threw, the passes were flat and hard as a frozen rope, and on target. He varied the Baltimore attack from time to time by sending Alan Ameche thumping into the Giant line.

The Giant defense, unable to overpower the Colts as it had the Browns, shifted and changed and tried tricks, and Unitas, more often than not, switched his signal at the last possible second to take advantage of Giant weaknesses. Once, in the first quarter, when the New Yorkers tried to cover the very fast Lenny Moore with one man, Unitas waited coolly while Moore sprinted down the sideline, then whipped a long, flat pass which Moore caught on the Giant 40 and carried to the 25.

Then the Giant defense blocked a field goal attempt which followed, and Charley Conerly, the 37-year-old Giant quarterback who played one of the finest games of his long career, caught the Colt linehackers coming in on him too recklessly. He underhanded a quick pitchout to Frank Gifford, and Gifford went 38 yards to the Colts' 31; a couple of plays later the Giants led 3-0 on a 36-yard field goal by Pat Summerall.

In the second quarter, with the probing and testing over, the Colts asserted a clear superiority. They had gone into the game reasonably sure that their running would work inside the Giant tackles, and sure, too, that the quick, accurate passes of Unitas to receivers like Moore and Ray Berry could be completed. The first quarter reinforced that opinion and the second quarter implemented it. A Giant fumble recovered on the Giant 20 by Gene Lipscomb, the 288-pound Colt tackle, set up the first touchdown. Unitas punctured the Giant line with Ameche and Moore and sent Moore outside end once when the Giant center clogged up, and then Ameche scored from the two and it all looked very easy.

It looked easy on the next Colt

◆ **SLINGSHOT** arm of Quarterback John Unitas spelled defeat for New Yorkers



TIGHT SQUEEZE PAST COLT GOAL POST BROUGHT THE GIANTS MEL TRIPLETT A TOUCHDOWN HURT.



LET'S LOOK ON

fony, too. This one started on the Baltimore 14 and moved inevitably downfield. The Colt backs, following the quick, vicious thrust of the big line, went five and six yards at a time, the plays ending in a quick-settling swirl of dust as the Giant line, swept back in a flashing surge of white Colt uniforms, then slipped the blocks to make the belated tackles. Unitas passed twice to Berry, the second time for 15 yards and the second Colt touchdown. The Giants, now 11 points behind, looked well-whipped.

The feeling of the game changed suddenly and dramatically late in the third quarter on the one accomplishment which most often reverses the trend in a football game—the denial of a sure touchdown. The Colts had moved almost contemptuously to the Giant three-yard line. After the half the Baltimore team, which had manhandled the New York defense to gain on the ground for most of the

first half, switched to passing. Unitas, given marvelous blocking by the Colt offensive line, poked apart the Giant defensive secondary with his wonderful passes, thrown so accurately that often Colt receivers snatched the ball from between two Giant defenders who were only a half step out of position. When this irresistible passing attack carried them to the Giant three-yard line, first down and goal to go, even the most optimistic Giant fans in the stands must have given up.

But the Giant defense, which, more than anything else, brought this team to the championship game, again coped with crisis and stopped Baltimore cold.

Now, for the rest of this quarter and most of the fourth, the Colts were surprisingly limp. The Giant stand keyed their collapse, but an odd play which set up the first Giant touchdown underlined it and so demoralized the Baltimore team that

for some time it was nearly ineffectual. Conerly, quick to capitalize on the letdown, sent Kyle Rote, who usually spends his afternoon catching short passes, rocketing far downfield. Rote, starting down the left sideline, cut sharply to his right, and Conerly's pass intersected his course at the Colt 46. Rote carried on down to the 25 and ran into a two-man tackle which made him tumble. There was a paralyzed second when a little group of Colt and Giant players watched the ball bounding free without making a move, then the still life broke into violent motion and Giant Halfback Alex Webster picked up the fumble and carried it to the Colt one-yard line. Mel Triplett hurdled in for a touchdown and the Giants, fans and all, were back in the game. The crowd, which had been desperately yelling, "Goon, Giants," roared as if the Giants had taken the

continued on page 40

TIGHT SQUEEZE IS PUT ON GAY COLT FAN



THANKFUL COLTS SAY LORD'S PRAYER IN THEIR DRESSING ROOM AFTER GAME





OUSTED TERRY BRENNAN RIDES HIGH—BARELY YEAR AGO—AFTER NOTRE DAME UPSET LONG-UNBEATEN OKLAHOMA

SURRENDER AT NOTRE DAME

IT WAS ONLY LAST MONTH that Moose Krause, athletic director of Notre Dame University, assured a gathering of Chicago sportswriters that "Terry Brennan was a better coach this season than he was last year, and he will be at Notre Dame for many, many years to come."

Although there were rumbles of discontent from Notre Dame alumni over the fair-to-maddling 6-4 season just completed, the writers had no reason to doubt Krause's statement. The 1938 Irish, while not measuring up to the formidable standards of Rockne- and Leahy-coached teams, still played exciting football, drew near-record crowds and always stayed within striking distance of victory even in the four games they lost. More important, the team and its coach seemed to fit well into a university whose president, the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, has been striving

mightily to raise academic standards, gain prestige and place football in its proper status in university affairs: an important but not domineering force.

On December 11, at a football team banquet, the university's executive vice-president, the Rev. Edmund P. Joyce, indicated that the administration was taking the team's four losses philosophically. Father Joyce, who is also chairman of the Faculty Board for Athletic Control, admitted that the season "was disappointing" but firmly said that "Notre Dame will continue to field teams in the proper educational atmosphere."

On the evening of December 16, 30-year-old Terry Brennan was entertaining a few friends in his modest white frame house in South Bend when the telephone rang. It was Father Joyce. The message: the faculty board had recommended Brennan's release. Stunned, Brennan agreed to

keep the firing secret until the following Sunday but flatly turned down an offer to resign: "That might look as if I were quitting and running out, and that isn't the way it was at all."

On Sunday, four days before Christmas, Notre Dame announced Brennan's dismissal. It also released a letter from Father Hesburgh. "It is with great reluctance that I accept this recommendation," he wrote to Brennan. "In the five years that you have been head football coach . . . you have impressed all of us as the kind of young man Notre Dame aspires to produce." But what young Terry Brennan had obviously failed to produce was enough victories.

In the days before Brennan, South Bend wags will tell you, there were only three rules a coach had to obey to keep his job: 1) Win every game. 2) Win by more than the betting point spread. 3) Gain the No. 1 rating



FATHER HESBURGH, Notre Dame president, accepted dismissal "with great reluctance."



FATHER JOYCE, university vice-president, chaired group that called for dismissal.



FATHER CAVANAUGH, chief fund-raiser, found his job hard in just-four seasons.

in the nation. And the wags will wink and tell you that one reason why Frank Leahy left is that a fourth rule was written in when Father Hesburgh became president in 1952. The fourth: Obey the other three if you can but do it with A students. In fairness to Father Hesburgh it must be reported that he would have liked to erase Rules 1 to 3, but even the president of Notre Dame is only partially in control of its football fortunes. As for Rule 4, under Hesburgh's administration an athlete has been obliged to maintain, not an A average, of course, but a respectable 77%.

Young Terry Brennan was aware of the Rules when he took over for the 1954 season, but he believed he could field winning teams even within the Hesburgh framework. For the first two years he did just that, won nine games and lost one in 1954, won eight and lost but two in '55. But when the class of '56 was graduated, with it went the last of the players who had come to South Bend under the old Notre Dame recruiting tradition, and the next fall the Irish had the worst football season in their history, losing eight games and winning only two. Alumni screams arose calling for Brennan's dismissal. For two months the university's administration was silent, then tersely announced: "Ter-

ry Brennan has been re-engaged for another one-year period."

In the best of all possible worlds, a university ignores alumni when it thinks they are wrong. Compounding the sensitivity of Notre Dame's position, however, is the fact that the university is engaged in a \$66 million fund drive, and the fund raisers have been running into an old fact: it is easier to raise money when you have

COACH KUHANICH WANTS DEDICATED MEN



a winning football team. The man in charge of the Notre Dame drive is the Rev. John J. Cavanaugh, Father Hesburgh's predecessor as president of the university. As early as September 1957 the *Detroit Times*, in a story by Sports Editor Ed Hayes, identified Father Cavanaugh as one of the men most anxious to see football changes. Prophetically the *Times* added: "The man they'd like to install as head coach is the veteran professional coach, Joe Kuharich, a former Notre Damer now head man for the Washington Redskins."

After the 1957 season cries came again for Brennan's removal. This time the university issued not a sentence on Brennan's status, and without even a written contract Brennan began to build a promising team including 25 veterans from the '57 squad which, after all, lost only three games and won seven, including a stirring victory over Army and an upset of Oklahoma, which had been unbeaten for 47 games. In 1957 Brennan had been lucky in the vital moments but in 1958 his luck invariably failed. Injuries to his key linemen kept the defense shaky, and 23 fumbles blunted the potentially great Irish attack.

There is little doubt that Terry Brennan considers his dismissal un-

continued

fair, that he is disappointed, hurt and a little angry. He is also, like any reasonable man who has done his best, puzzled by the furor and the firing. "I think that Notre Dame will always have good football teams," said Brennan slowly and thoughtfully last week, "but I think that those who hope for a return of the good old days are being very unrealistic. Our overall policy here has been to aim in a certain direction educationally, and to get a winning team, too. I don't understand how I failed in that respect. Strange, strange business."

No one can say for certain what reasoning the Notre Dame athletic board followed in determining to fire Terry Brennan. So secret were the deliberations that Athletic Director Krause did not learn of Brennan's dismissal until Terry did. But what is certain is that the pressure for championship teams became so strong,

both among the alumni and a faction of the faculty, that the administration was worried into doing something about it.

The problem actually could have been solved by an announcement that Notre Dame would immediately increase its recruiting and the number of football scholarships and lower the academic requirements for players. But such a candid solution would have been bad for public relations and might have destroyed the university's academic status so carefully raised by Father Hesburgh.

Another solution, more politic but dangerously ephemeral, would have been simply to fire Brennan and hire a high-powered coach, without changing the athletic scholarships, recruiting policy or academic standards. For a while the wolves would have been appeased, only to return in full pursuit in a year or so when the new coach failed to produce a championship team—a feat considered

impossible with the material Notre Dame has been receiving for the past several years.

As it turned out, Notre Dame did indeed fire Brennan and hire Joe Kuharich of the Washington Redskins. No mention was publicly made about scholarships and recruiting and standards, but football observers thought it entirely unlikely that Kuharich would have left a five-year contract in Washington without assurances that he would have adequate scholarships and enough "academic risk" players to produce the kind of team that the more relentless Notre Dame alumni demand. Kuharich ticked off the players he wants: "Those dedicated to football—those with a deep-rooted love for the game—those who want to sacrifice and suffer for it."

But in trying to placate the Old Boys of Notre Dame probably no one in the university's administration anticipated the resentment that Brennan's firing would set off. All across the nation editors, sports columnists, football coaches and even Brennan's players condemned the Notre Dame action. Louisiana State's young Paul Dietzel, the 1958 Coach of the Year, said evenly: "Anyone taking that job now should have his head examined. Firing Brennan will have the effect of setting back football 20 years at Notre Dame."

But setting it back 20 years—or 40 years—is precisely what the Old Boys seem to want. It is something unlikely to come about. What has come about, however, is a rebuff to the progress Father Hesburgh has made in balancing educational excellence with football prowess at Notre Dame. The real tragedy at South Bend goes beyond the unhappy denouement of the Notre Dame career of Terence Brennan, halfback and coach. The real tragedy is the reluctant surrender of the forces that worked for a sane athletic policy. In this respect, the most biting comment on Brennan's dismissal came, not from the platoons of sports editors and football coaches, but from a Catholic weekly newspaper. Wrote the *Indianapolis Catholic and Record*, official newspaper of the Archdiocese of Indianapolis: "The firing of Terry Brennan is a setback for the priests and laymen who are trying to remake the public image of Notre Dame from a football factory to a first-class university. . . . They are the ones who really lost."

—LEON JAROFF



THE TRUE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME

In letters sent during its months of mourning, Notre Dame's athletic board says the president of the most famous football university in the nation, Rev. Father Hesburgh, tells the story of how he tried to build it at Notre Dame. And Photographer Mark Kaufman presents a close-up of the field's greatest quarterback, Ralph Sauter, who played for the Fighting Irish coach, 20-year-old Terry Brennan.

When Notre Dame began its first season with Terry Brennan, President Hesburgh wrote for the readers of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (Sept. 27, 1954) an ardent statement of the athletic philosophy of his administration. Excerpts:

We are in favor of intercollegiate athletics at Notre Dame . . . intercollegiate athletics within their proper dimensions . . . those of university life and purposes.

The passing mark at Notre Dame is 70%. Athletes must have a 77% average. . . . I remember receiving one bleak Friday afternoon (the semester grades) of two first-string basketball players who . . . had fallen below the required 77% average. A phone call followed to the Director of Athletics. "My gosh, Father," he moaned, "the team is just leaving for the toughest game of the season against Kentucky tomorrow. They'll be murdered without these men. If

you send me word by mail, the normal way, I would get it Monday morning."

No one likes to be Simon Legree, but all I could say was, "You've got the word now. And I'm not so much worried about being murdered as about being right."

The least a university can do . . . is to tell its alumni and friends exactly where it stands. . . . The worst that a university can do is to play the three monkeys who see, hear, and speak no evil. I assume that with the pressures that do exist for winning teams, well-meaning but ill-advised alumni and friends will cut corners at times, but not for long unless a university insists on seeing and hearing nothing. . . .

Directors of athletics and coaches must not be unmercifully pressured for victories. . . . Even football is still a game and one side always loses, even though we must always play the game to win.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

The Man in the Arena

THE LEADING ROLES in the endlessly unfolding drama of history must always be reserved for an active few, with the rest of us standing by willily as critics and observers. As such, we could do worse than recall the words of one who played one of history's most vital roles a half century ago.

"It is not the critic who counts," wrote Theodore Roosevelt, "not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions, and spends himself in a worthy cause; who, at the best, knows the triumph of high achievement; and who, at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat."

For an account of a man who fulfilled these qualifications in the year just past we invite you to read the story on Rafer Johnson, which begins on page 19.

Cup Weather: Hot and Humid

THE OPPRESSIVE HEAT of Australian midsummer kept eyeglasses constantly fogged as Captain Perry Jones's U.S. tennis team met the Italians in the Interzone Finals of Davis Cup competition at Perth last week. It was so hot and humid that even the omnipresent Perth flies were too lazy to stir, although the players all liberally doused themselves with lavender oil in anticipation of the flies.

But neither lavender scent nor the constant wiping of eyeglasses could do much to dissipate the miasmic pall that seemed to hang over the immediate prospects of U.S. tennis.

It meant little that the American team blasted through the Italians with ease to become the challengers for the cup itself, to face the Australians in the challenge round for the 15th year in a row. Even before the interzone matches began, Perry

Jones's bearded Italian counterpart, Giorgio Dal Fiume, gloomed that his boys had "little or no chance," and the prophecy was borne out in five straight Italian defeats. Captain Perry Jones made dutifully optimistic noises about victory against the Aussies, but his top adviser and right-hand man, Jack Kramer, was plainly of another mind. Kramer had already made arrangements to sign top

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Aussies Anderson and Cooper for his professional troupe and gave little public indication of a belief that the Americans could beat them. "I'd love to see the cup back in the states," Kramer said, "but you have to look at things sensibly." Meanwhile, undoubtedly leaning heavily on Jack's advice, Jones himself took a sensible look at the record and decided that his No. 1 player, Ham Richardson, was not up to taking on the Aussies at singles. Sulky and disheartened at being relegated to the status of a mere doubles player after journeying to Australia for the matches, Ham announced himself "disgusted with the entire mess."

It was not a happy start for the greatest event of the tennis world, but the agony was perceptibly improved at Brisbane when Alex Olmedo took the first challenge match from Anderson in four sets.

Paraffin at Five Paces

IT WAS Sunday. Crape-black clouds draped over the city of Denver. The streets were quiet but for the sluice of cold rain in the gutters.

They Said It

JIM TATUM, University of North Carolina football coach, speaking in praise of second guessers: "When I come home at night after losing a game and go to bed and lie there wondering why I didn't pass or kick or run under such and such a situation, why, I know that 20,000 other people are in their beds wondering just that very thing, too. I tell you, it's a great feeling of fellowship."

ALTHEA GIBSON, tennis champion turned novelist, singer and most recently actress, asked in Hollywood about her future plans: "I might still go back to tournament tennis. It depends on how my other careers go."

HARBIN (Red) LAWSON, University of Georgia basketball coach, reflecting on the age of Georgia's Woodruff Hall after his team had taken a 98-49 drubbing from The Citadel in the spacious, trim Citadel Armory: "I wouldn't say our gym was bad, but I was checking through some old newspapers the other day and one flew read, 'Aristotle to speak at Woodruff Hall tonight.'"

FRED HALL, old grad Louisiana State tackle presenting a mumm'-s-end gift to Coach of the Year Paul Dietzel at a football banquet: "We're not giving you a new car, because too many coaches have used them to drive away, so we're giving you something you can't use—a swimming pool for your backyard."

ARCHIE MOORE, searching for the right phrase for his up-from-the-casars victory over Yvon Durelle: "It was my juiced hour."

Abruptly, the sharp report of a Colt six-shooter cracked the dusk. The echo faded, and you might have heard a firing pin drop. "Thirty-two one-hundredths of a second," breathed an awed man in a string tie. His further words were lost in a cheer. An Air Force pilot had just won a fast-draw match between the Colorado Frontier Gunslingers of Golden and the Colorado Gunslingers Assn. of Colorado Springs.



The newest in a long line of exacting Western diversions, fast-draw gunslinging bids fair soon to replace steer wrestling, coyote hunting and drinking coffee from a can. Not since the days when Doc Holliday, Bat Masterson and Clay Allison did it for fun and profit has the air been so clogged with gunsmoke, and already some 100 clubs dedicated to the art have sprung up across the plains. Members come from everywhere. Jim

Dillon (no kin to Matt), president of the Golden club, is a butcher. Robert Six, organizer of The Six Shooters, is president of Continental Air Lines and the husband of Ethel (*Annie Get Your Gun*) Merman. And there is no trouble with class distinctions. Everyone wears an equalizer. Almost everyone also wears brocade vests, striped pants, oversized hats and high-heeled boots.

Apart from the outside chance of plugging yourself in the calf—a relatively bloodless accident that has been suffered by Butcher Dillon and others—gunslinging as a sport is fairly safe. Cartridges are hand loaded with about one grain of powder, and bullets are of molded paraffin instead of lead. At the intracub and interclub showdowns that mark any weekend these days, members fire against electric timers. Usually, the gunman holds his finger on a button switch no closer than four inches from his holster. When he releases the button to reach for his iron, the clock starts. It stops either at the sound of the shot or when the paraffin smacks a cutout target some five paces distant. Other timers oblige the contestant to draw and fire when a light is flashed by the timekeeper. Guns themselves vary from .32 to .45 caliber, with barrels at least four and three-quarters inches long, and they cost up to \$125. Original Colts, circa 1871, are prized but rare, and most gunslingers use modern single-action six-guns of the same design.

Protected as they are from any real need to back up their talk outside the Silver Dollar saloon, fast-draw sportsmen are developing a fine trace of snobbery. Says Dillon: "I'm pretty sure I could do just as well as Jesse James or Billy the Kid. And the old-timers were sloppy in their looks, too. They just didn't seem to give a hang. Of course," he adds gracefully, "I never heard of any of them shooting themselves in the calf."

The Terrible Fork

IN ITALY eating is a sport, and they give gold forks and similar trophies to their champions. This year a new competitive event was held in

the city of Bologna with an item named tortellini (little tarts). Tortellini are small round bits of dough, or pasta, enclosing an even smaller but more savory charge of meat.

Why tortellini? According to Bruno Bassini, manager of Bologna's Bolognini Restaurant and secretary of the Italian Gastronomic Society, "because the French have astutely pinched just about all the other recipes of Italian origin" and because the tortellino is still largely undiscovered and yet deserving of "the attention of the world."

So Bassini invited 20 of Italy's finest eaters to an upstairs room in his restaurant for a tortellini derby. In an effort to prove that such pastas nourish but do not necessarily fatten the human body, Bassini limited contestants to either the thin (under 165 pounds) category or the fat (over 220 pounds) category. Most participants commenced training five days before the derby, eating nothing but a few vegetables until derby day minus one, when they had a little pasta "so as not to weaken the stomach unduly," and, on D-day, a light lunch with broth "to form the ideal base."

Among the most formidable fats were a pair of 225-pounders: Franco Bergamoni, 24, a Bologna porter who won the Gold Fork award in 1956 for eating 2.64 pounds of noodles in



2:58.8, and Enrico Busi, 43, a Bologna bill collector who was famed for having eaten, at a single sitting, three bowls of beans, 2.2 pounds of spaghetti, three stewed thistles, a certain amount of cheese and a few tangerines. The pre-derby favorite among the thins was Sergio Rosa, 33, Venice's "devouring flame," who claimed to have eaten 37 pounds of eels in 15 minutes.

The contestants were required to tackle three plates of tortellini, each



"Oh, sure, it's the Bowl games once a year, the All-Star Game once a year, the Kentucky Derby once a year, the World Series once a year . . ."

weighing 1.1 pounds, during a preliminary round which would last no more than 45 minutes. The field broke fast. A Bologna carpenter (150 pounds) got through his three plates in 10:05.0. Then came another thin in 14:06.0, then the first of the fats in 19:03.0. Then Busi, eating methodically, in 23 minutes flat. The celebrated Venetian eel eater rose after his second plate and retired, vanquished. But the most notable non-finisher was Giuseppe Fava, 51, a Bologna businessman, who simply got bored eating nothing but tortellini. After finishing his three plates he went downstairs and devoured a grilled chicken, two quail and an order of bananas flambé.

Seven fats and two thins remained for the second, and final, round, in which they were to eat until the timer announced that their total eating time for both rounds amounted to 90 minutes.

The rigors of the first round told quickly, and soon there were only

two left, Busi and Romano Masetti, 20, of Bologna, who weighed 163 pounds. Masetti, a brilliant but erratic eater, was suddenly stricken over his fifth plate, left the table briefly, then staggered back and, with a gallant gesture which brought cheers from the spectators, speared another tortellino.

It was to no avail. During Masetti's absence, Busi, eating with marvelous precision, a gold tooth flashing—as one emotional follower said, "like the regular blink-blink of a light-house seen through a foggy night"—had gained a full plate over his rival. As the deadline approached, Busi, confident of his lead, paused briefly to refresh himself with a swig of consonanté, then turned to attack his seventh plate with the same implacable hand he had brought to his first. Masetti, pale, trembling, but game to the last, tried to turn the same trick. He sipped a little broth as his followers wiped his streaming

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

brow, faced his plate, collapsed and withdrew.

The beat of Busi's terrible fork, rising and falling, rising and falling, never altered. As the gong sounded, Busi, who had been on mineral water throughout, poured and drank his first glass of wine and, rising, let out his belt to its final notch. He received a gold medal in the shape of a tortellino, inscribed "Nobody Gets Fat From Eating," and strolled out to spend the rest of the night walking in the cold air. He had consumed a magnificent 7.15 pounds of tortellini and brought the little pasta to the attention of the world.

Nino, the Voodoo Assassin

IN his 40 years as a fight manager little Bobby Gleason has promoted the welfare of his fighters in odd and curious ways, such as attending voodoo ceremonies and learning to speak Spanish. He has had a measure of success—his featherweight, Phil Terranova, was champion of the world for a while in 1943-44—but in late years his luck has been less than good. As sponsor of Nino Valdes he has been very close, on occasion, to snaring a heavyweight title fight, but each time the chance has eluded him.

The other night, therefore, he claimed the "professional" heavyweight championship of the world for Nino, who had just knocked out Pat McMurtry in the first round at Madison Square Garden.

"We will leave the amateur championship to Floyd Patterson," Gleason explained with quite a straight face. "Patterson fights amateurs."

"Me *oasisio!*" the Cuban Valdes interrupted in a delirium of pride, and went on to declare that after the fight McMurtry had told him, "Tu es *animal!*"

Well, it is doubtful if McMurtry, a standoffish kind of fighter, ever used the familiar *tu* in addressing an opponent, but it is true that Nino sometimes has looked like a dangerous water buffalo in the ring and at other times has looked like a tame cat. He is now in a water-buffalo period, having achieved six straight wins in the past year, three of them by knock-

outs. He is ranked second by Nat Fleischer and fourth by the National Boxing Association. But Nino has been as high as No. 1 without getting a shot at the title, when Rocky Marciano held it, and Gleason has been getting desperate about the problem.

"We are both getting old," Gleason says. "I will be 67 next June and Nino is 34. Something had better happen soon or it will be too late. I have been in boxing for 50 years [he started as a bantamweight in 1908] and I hate to think what I have put up with to make something of this bum, though I will say he is the best bum around."

"I have been a psychiatrist and a psychologist to him. He used to be very superstitious and once I even went to a voodoo ceremony in Cuba with him. My priest would beat me up if he knew. Now all I have to do is make sure he wears white trunks because he thinks black is bad luck."

He also thinks the gymnasium Gleason operates in The Bronx is bad luck. After a tiff with his manager a while back Nino shifted to Stillman's Gym and promptly went into a winning streak. For a long time thereafter he refused to set foot in Gleason's gym.

"I think Patterson is a hell of a fighter," Gleason went on, "but he has not proved it. The first rated

heavyweight he ever fought was Hurricane Jackson. Patterson won a split decision in 12. Valdes knocked out Jackson in two rounds. Patterson won the heavyweight title by beating a light heavyweight, Archie Moore. There wasn't any tournament. Why should he have been recognized? Until he beats Valdes I, personally, won't recognize him."

"Me no *tigre*," Nino said. "Me *oasisio!* Me kill Patterson!"

Whenever, he meant to say, they meet. A Havana syndicate headed by George Raft has offered Patterson \$400,000 to meet Valdes there but there are signs, based on an antipathy Cus D'Amato has developed for Gleason, that Nino will be bypassed for another opponent.

The Dog That Sat

THE British press seldom misses an opportunity to solicit sympathy for the underdog—especially when he happens to be a dog. Just before Christmas, for example, London papers were filled with a picture of a mournful black-and-white mongrel, captioned "The little dog that sat on and on and on." Doleful accounts told how the pup had sat faithfully by a roadside through a cold and foggy night because his master had told him to "sit!" and then abandoned him. Rising as one, the dog lovers of Britain fumed and sputtered, then sat down as one and dashed off hundreds of letters offering to adopt the little fellow. The RSPCA had several choice comments to make about the owner, then added tartly: "We think it unlikely that he will come forward." But he did and told all Britain that his dog was a "humbag."

"If I told Pip to 'sit' until I was blue in the face," said Ernest Jolly, an Ipswich milkman, "he would take no notice. He is that sort of dog. It was not a matter of master abandoning dog but of dog abandoning master." To prove his case Jolly brought Pip before a BBC television audience, where the faithful animal refused even to stand up and beg for a lump of sugar at his master's order. He just sat on and on and on. **END**



Winter Trees

I think that I shall never ski
Again against so stout a tree.

A tree whose rugged bark is pressed
In bas-relief upon my chest.

A tree that with bacchanic air
Wears ski poles in its tangled hair.

I've learned my lesson: Fools like me
Should never try to shave a tree.

—CONRAD DIECKMANN



*For the revelation
of pure excellence in
mind and body*

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

THIS GRECIAN VASE, or amphora, is the trophy that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED awards to its Sportsman of the Year. The original, which dates from about 510 B.C., is on permanent display in the Time & Life Building in New York. A reproduction is given each year to that individual who, in the opinion of the editors, has most closely approached the degree of excellence suggested by the ancient Greek concept of *arete*—a unity of virtues of mind and body to which the truly complete man of every age must aspire. Victory in sport may have been his, but it is not for victory alone that he is honored. Rather, it is for the way he has competed, his manner, his attitude, the regard in which he is held by his rivals and his friends. Whether it was over an extended period of time or only for an hour or an instant, his performance was such that his fellow men could not fail to recognize it as the revelation of pure excellence—*arete*. His achievement, if only at the instant of rising above himself, was the ageless ideal that in giving his absolute best in body and spirit he was honoring all men. Past winners of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Sportsman of the Year award are listed at the right. The story of the unique individual who is the Sportsman of the Year 1968 begins on the next page.

- 1954 Roger Bannister
- 1955 Johnny Podres
- 1956 Bobby Joe Morrow
- 1957 Stan Musial

*As their Sportsman of 1958
the editors choose*

RAFER JOHNSON

by COLES PHINIZY

EVEN NOW, in winter, the broad campus of the University of California at Los Angeles retains the clean, fresh look of spring. Against the dusky green Santa Monica hills the Romanesque lines of university buildings bring to mind medieval Italy—a fleeting reminder of the past, soon lost among all the surer tokens of eternal youth. Under the eucalyptus along the main avenue there is a constant tide of scholars on motor scooters and athletes bound for the playing fields. The coeds of UCLA—brunettes, blondes and real blondes—encamp on the sunlit lawns, discussing John Stuart Mill, the junior prom, or the freshman mud brawl. On the second floor of the student union, where the tide of the present loses some of its force, UCLA harbors the mementoes of its short but fruitful athletic past. Scattered through this memorabilia, mixed in with the memories of All-Americans and Olympians, there are a dozen plaques and trophies paying tribute to the finest athlete who ever came that way: Rafer Lewis Johnson.

Ray Johnson is a gentle man and the greatest of the many athletic grants to come out of the valley of the San Joaquin. For close to a decade now he has been the favorite son of the 2,500 people in his valley home of Kingsburg. Last April, his 11,000 collegemates elected him president of the student body. Last July, in Moscow, in a hard decathlon match against his old Russian rival and friend, Vasily Kuznetsov, he became the athletic wonder of both the Western and Eastern worlds. For these reasons, and for others less tangible but no less important, of all the amateurs and pros who enriched the scene in 1958, Ray Johnson stands first as Sportsman of the Year.

The year was Johnson's, but not his on every count. For holding faith against the odds in October the barnacled old professional, Casey Stengel of the Yankees, was a hero equal to Johnson. One of the most decisive victories of 1958 was won by a little-known figure of sport, Olin Stephens, designer of the America's Cup defender, *Columbia*. More than a boat hull counted, surely, but *Columbia's* smashing victory at sea was virtually preordained on Stephens' drawing board.

It was the impact of the man himself, rather than his victory, that made Johnson the worthiest sportsman. Ray Johnson is a rare concentrate of some old Sunday school virtues: tolerance, humility and godliness, none of which can be said to be gaining too much ground in this go-get-'em age. Johnson's kind of tolerance is not the diluted brand that sells so cheaply around the world these days, good only among people who already think

alike. His is the real thing—by Voltaire's definition, the capacity to be tolerant even of intolerance. His godliness is inconspicuous; he never wears it on his sleeve. For two track seasons at UCLA a recurring leg injury reduced Johnson athletically to a good team man. At the time he was elected president, there was little glamour to him. He had a reputation for all-round decency and for getting things done without a lot of caterwauling, and this counted heavily for him at the polls.

For Rafer Johnson, the coming summer offers even more challenge athletically than the rich year just past. He will defend his national decathlon title in late July and a month later, in Chicago, his Pan-American title. Before both these defenses, in a U.S.-Russian dual track meet in Philadelphia's Franklin Field, July 17, 18, he will again take on old rival Kuznetsov. Both Johnson and Kuznetsov have raised the decathlon standard now where no specialist, good in a few events, can ever reach it. At Franklin Field, the U.S., after contributing to the cast of characters for some years, will at last get a look at a great decathlon show.

The crowded hours of college life

Just now, the challenge of the coming year is scarcely in Johnson's mind. Until spring the implements of his sport gather dust. Johnson is thoroughly embroiled with the present. His average day now is consumed improving his C-plus average, playing basketball, and as student president juggling many, many matters great and small, hoping nothing of importance falls to the floor. He spends 30 hours a week in his office marked PRESIDENT, one floor above the showcases that already preserve him as part of UCLA's past.

Anyone caring to know how much of the world one good college man can reach should visit Johnson in his office. At the far end of the room, a file cabinet, stenographer's table and Johnson's desk stand before a bay of leaded-glass windows. On a typical day, as he enters, Johnson stacks his classbooks on a small table beside his office couch so that, if office business slackens, he might snatch some learning. On this particular day,

continued

"Perhaps because I like it best, hurdling is sort of a key event to me. When I hurdle well, I usually do all right in the other events."





WHEN NOTHING ELSE MATTERED

In Moscow last July 28, as Rafer Johnson stood in the winner's spot, still steeped in the sweat of his record-breaking decathlon duel against Vasily Kurnetsov of Russia, the crowd of 30,000 in Lenin Stadium cheered and kept cheering. It was a popular victory with the Russian crowd and, as the word of it spread, popular also in a dozen countries where people knew Johnson and his talents better even than many of his own countrymen. Johnson's score of 8,302 was 288 points better than his rival Kurnetsov had ever done—the most decisive victory since Bob Mathias opened the new decathlon era of true supremacy.

In the light of his career over the past four years, Johnson's victory is still more remarkable. Four years ago, as a UCLA freshman, Johnson had broken Mathias' decathlon record. In his sophomore year he served his university in 10 of the 15 events normally held in tough West Coast dual meets. He was a hurdler and broad jumper of

Olympic quality. Then, in Olympic practice at Melbourne, he severely injured a persistently weak left knee. After finishing second in Mills Campbell, his teammate, in the Games, he underwent an operation but later incurred new injury. For over a year his knee proved so untrustworthy that he was obliged to curtail practice, always, pumping the leg in training so he might use it—and abuse it if necessary—in competition. He could sprint on the flat, but he could not hurdle for a year. In the 19 months between the Olympics and Moscow he dared not practice the broad jump, high jump or pole vault more than four days each. In his strong events, the hurdles and broad jump, he was reduced to being, by world standards, a man of average competence. Meanwhile, stressing events that taxed his leg less, he became the best all-round weight man the world has known.

It was the cheers of the Moscow crowd as much as Johnson's performance that made his two-day stand in Lenin Stadium a bright moment for many people. On those same two days the bitterness of Lebanon and the Near East had a grip on the world. The slanderous paint stains were still fresh on the walls, and broken panes of glass still in the windows of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow. The meet in Lenin Stadium was run almost as if in defiance of the world anger surrounding it. Through the first events the Russian crowd was obviously and logically partisan, but as Johnson moved ahead he carried the crowd with him. When, in the javelin, the ninth of the 10 events, Johnson assured himself of victory and a new world record, the crowd came to its feet in a prolonged cheer. Other Americans in the stadium considered it an extraordinary tribute for a single hero. It was, they felt, the response of a knowing crowd who found in Johnson the first athlete they had ever seen, and for that moment at least nothing else mattered.

RAFER JOHNSON *continued*

Johnson has scarcely put his books down before both his secretaries are orbiting around him. Secretary Sharon Gornbein, a cheerful brunette, comes to rest at the typewriter with a half bushel of memorandums. Secretary Adrienne Hatcher, a real blonde, ticks off on her fingers unfinished business. First there is the U.S. State Department letter asking if Johnson can make another good-will tour. "Then, there's Arizona asking about the blood drive," Secretary Hatcher continues, "and a Mrs. Berler, or Boiler, wrote a letter. You know, another come-to-dinner-and-give-a-speech letter."

Johnson lifts a hand. "I just can't speak any more this semester," he pleads. "I've got to study."

Secretary Hatcher withdraws to advise Mrs. Berler (or Boiler) politely that if Johnson speaks any more, he may flunk. Johnson settles back of his desk and searches for the State Department letter in a folder of mail. The folder contains letters from the Youth for Christ of Muskegon, the Culver City Rotary, a Chicago YMCA, the Tulaca Lake B'nai B'rith and a Toronto TV station, asking Johnson to speak. Dan Ferris, the kindly, pink-cheeked vigilante of U.S. amateurism, writes that Australia wants Johnson to compete there in March. Lois Satterburg of Yucaipa, California writes to say she has just realized that this famous Rafer Johnson is the 10-year-old she held four ago in the Kingsburg hospital after he tore open his foot climbing on the can-

nery conveyor. (Johnson will never forget. Still, at times, as he pounds down a broad-jump runway, he can feel the cut of the conveyor belt.) Ove Strom of Stockholm, Sweden writes for advice and autographs. University President Clark Kerr requests Johnson's services on a committee. Art Lantz of the Olympic Committee hopes Johnson can find time to make a movie. Down in Toledo, Chiriqui, Panama, a Miss Eleanor Larson, who describes herself as an old maid missionary and confesses that she fills teeth without a dental degree, has heard Johnson is contemplating the ministry or dentistry (actually, now he leans more to foreign relations). There are plenty of souls and teeth to fix down Panama way, Miss Larson pleads, but she warns, "You won't get rich."

As he reads, Ray Johnson leans back in his chair, but never for long. Some designer shaped the chair well for a normal man. Johnson's huge back extends six inches to either side and a foot over the top, so the chair back serves more as a goad than a rest. He progresses through the work load, but not without interruption. Secretaries and officials of other offices come and go, bringing contracts, letters and checks for Johnson to sign. A lost student thrusts his head in the door to ask if this is the place to discuss human relations (it is not, at the moment, anyway). A secretary from somewhere asks if he will pose for pictures with a Hula-hoop. At 3 o'clock Johnson goes to basketball practice, and after squeezing in an hour of study, at 7 o'clock he gives a talk to Legionnaires promoting the Olympic movement—a good cause, so Johnson asks only, please, can he speak first and leave early. For classes tomorrow he must be in command of the British Parliament Acts of 1911 and 1949 and prepare a paper on the ticking intricacy of the human heart. He has a good room in his

continued

A son's appraisal of his father "He never pushed us in sport or anything, but he always wanted us to go farther than he had."



RAFER JOHNSON *continued*

fraternity, Pi Lambda Phi, but everyone knows it, so past midnight Johnson studies in the emptiness of the student union building.

Rafer Johnson's position on the U.S. sport scene is a strange one. In three big decathlon tests abroad, a quarter million people watched him. In six decathlons at home less than 20,000 Americans have seen him. In the U.S. the decathlon has lacked international flavor, and is, in fact, so poorly understood that it cannot be appreciated. At the banquet tables Johnson often hears his sport called the "most grueling"—a banality and distortion. As decathlon veterans readily point out, many good five-event men give out as much in a conference meet. The ability to master the diverse techniques, to carry a 10-event work load in practice, and in competition to survive where every fraction counts in 10 separate tests, to get emotionally keyed up for one event, then forget it immediately and get fired up for another—"to be fierce 10 times," as veteran Coach George Eastment puts it—these are the real demands of the decathlon.

High school hero of a happy town

The people of Kingsburg have never put a limit on what they feel their favorite son will do. Johnson was president of his eighth grade, president of the high school, now he is president at UCLA, and next year, Kingsburg knows, he will be something else worthwhile. His father, Lewis Johnson, a tall man of gentle humor too, brought his wife and five children from Texas to California in 1944. "I saw I had good boys growing up," Lewis Johnson now explains, "and everyone knows California is the land of opportunity." The town of Kingsburg that Lewis Johnson finally came to sits near dead center in the vast, crop-rich San Joaquin Valley. On a clear winter day, 40 miles east, the people can see the snows of the rugged Sierra that make the valley grow. Kingsburg lives by farming and the operation of a winery, cannery, a cotton-seed oil and a feed plant, where Lewis Johnson works. It is a calm town, its harshest sounds are the growls of diesel trucks stacked high with baled cotton and alfalfa, and the wild wail of the Southern Pacific thundering up the valley. Kingsburg people go to church regularly and to bed early. Those who drink do most of their drinking on the edge of town. Through the shifting athletic seasons the town enjoys following the high school teams. There was not, however, much joy in Kingsburg eight or 10 years ago. In the all-important sport, football, the Kingsburg team was the whipping boy of the league. In the dark years, the most cheerful headline local editor Benton Bowen could summon to report a weekly drubbing was, **THRILLING PLAYS ENLIVEN ANOTHER KINGSBURG LOSS.**

Then along came Johnson and a classmate named Gay Troust and, before they graduated, Kingsburg led the league in football, basketball and track. Today if too many Kingsburg men talk too long about sport, someone will stir up memories of Johnson and Troust. Some-

"As I stood there, the Russians cheered. A photographer said they wanted me to wave, so I waved, and they kept on cheering."

one will remember Johnson's sophomore year, when the football team, with a 155-pound line, was still punk, and the coach in desperation put 10 men on the line and gave the ball to his one-man backfield, Johnson, on every play. In Kingsburg they can still see sophomore Johnson now, wriggling, ducking, like a great stag, harassed and run ragged. In Kingsburg they remember the 5-6 tie against Lindsay High for the league title, played in fog so thick it hid half the game from the crowd. They remember how Lindsay gambled two spot passes and hit their end in the back of the head with both, and how Johnson in the second half suddenly popped out of the fog, loose, but alas collided with an opponent. They recall with greater pleasure the title game the next year, when Johnson and Trois ran wild, and Kingsburg walloped Lindsay 33-0. They remember the 880-yard relay, the windup of the night track meets—Trois passing to anebornman Johnson, and on the dim backstretch nothing of Johnson visible except his gold trunks and white socks, then suddenly in the light of the home-stretch the whole magnificent form of him coming to the tape. "Since he was a boy, the people always liked him," Editor Benton Bowen concludes. "When he was in Moscow, Al Nehring called him long distance. Got him too. Couldn't hear much—you know, 'How are you Ray? I'm fine. What are you doing?'—all fuzzy. Al might as well have shouted out the window. But, as I say, they like Johnson here."

The cheering of the Russian crowd over Johnson's victory in Moscow last July was one of few heartening sounds the world heard in that otherwise grim month. When asked about his experience, Johnson recalls most often a moment of the final day. Coming up to the javelin, his lead was substantial. On his second javelin throw, Johnson got out just over 200 feet, some 12 feet shy of Kuznetsov's mark, and the difference restored Kuznetsov's chances of squeezing out a victory in the final 1,500-meter run. "On my last throw, my approach was only fair," Johnson recalls, "but as I threw I could feel the javelin coming through in the groove. You don't usually hear the crowd immediately, but as I watched the javelin in the air I could already hear them cheering. I knew I had a good one, and I knew they knew it." The javelin hit out 238 feet, clinching a world record and pinning defeat for certain on Kuznetsov. "Away from home," Johnson said later, "I have never seen spectators who seemed so proud of what I had done, and I was not one of their men." Outside the stadium afterward, when the Russian crowd began tossing Johnson in the air, the interpreter accompanying Dan Ferris of the AAI shook his head. "I do not understand. Russian people are not often so emotional."

No sport can cure the world's ills. Moments like Johnson's affirm, nonetheless, that a sport sometimes clears a good path where bigger machines have stalled. A track champion of Johnson's stature serves especially as an agent of good will, because of all the American sports, it is in track that this country mixes most often with others. In the continuing crises of the present, the international champion needs an infallible sense of proportion, for in the crowds about him there are always some inclined to use the champion and his feats to prove more than good will. Last summer, an appraisal of his performance in the *Congressional Record* declared that Johnson's victory had "demonstrated to the Soviet Union and other critics of our country that we produce the best



"Kuznetsov and I practiced together and became friends. He wasn't happy losing, but as European athletes do, he gave me a kiss."

under a system of incentives and freedom which they would label inefficient and decadent."

With equal conviction, of course, Russia can use the feats of its good distance runners to prove Communism, and, at the rate they are taking over in a half dozen sports, the Australians should soon be able to prove anything.

The values he finds in his efforts for his home town, his college and country are often mentioned by Ray Johnson in his talks. The words below are as he expressed it recently at a dinner of the University of Oklahoma chapter of Pi Lambda Phi. "We make friends," he said, "and I like to think we leave friends. . . . We go to exchange ideas, not to beat ideas into each other's heads, like politicians. It seems funny to say winning is not all important—I always want to win, and no one likes to lose. But when you start out on the field, everyone is equal. That is the important idea."

END

*The year's top sportsman
had good company—notably the nonpareil*

CASEY STENGEL

by ROBERT CREAMER

AN AMATEUR in athletics is one who takes part in games for the fun of it, for the enjoyment of it, for the—go back to your Latin: *amo, amas, amat*—love of it. A professional in athletics is one who takes part because he gets paid.

The peculiar charm of Charles Dillon Stengel, one of the most successful professionals who ever lived, lies in his amateurish, or amatory, approach to his sport. Stengel talks a good deal, if not all, of the time, yet he has never been heard to say the immortal words, "I love baseball." But he does love baseball, and his love for it is a pleasant thing to see. Stengel enters his 59th year as a professional baseball man next season; few men married 50 years look upon their wives with the fondness with which Casey gazes on baseball.

It is obvious that Stengel needs the game; it is his life. He knows the game, better probably than any other man who has ever lived. But most of all, he enjoys the game, extracting from it excitement and wonder and delight, as a 12-year-old boy does. Never is baseball routine to Casey Stengel. Never is its kaleidoscope of action and counteraction dull. Never is his hunger for baseball's great prizes sated.

This is remarkable, because if anyone should be sated, artistically and financially, it is Casey Stengel. Artistically, he has had the triumphs denied lesser men: from the season of 1911, when at the age of 20 he batted .352 to lead the Wisconsin-Illinois League in hitting through the World Series of 1923 when he hit an inside-the-park home run in the ninth inning to beat the New York Yankees in the first World Series game ever played in Yankee Stadium to his current reign as manager of those same Yankees, with whom he has won nine pennants in 10 years and seven world championships. Stengel's feeling for the propitious moment is magnificent—the crowd in the Stadium that day in 1923 was the largest, by more than 12,000 people, ever to see a Series game up to that time, and his home run was the first Series homer ever hit in Yankee Stadium. Two days later, before a still larger crowd, he beat the Yankees again with another home run, the second Series home run ever hit in Yankee Stadium.

Financially, Stengel has made a vast amount of money from baseball, both directly and indirectly. He has had a professional contract of one sort or another for 49 years. He has met people through baseball who touted him on to extremely successful investments; he pro-

pered and became so sound and knowing financially that a year or so ago he joined a group of Californians in opening a bank in Glendale, of which he is a director (right).

Yet still he pursues baseball. Not like old Mr. Mack, going through the motions in his long decades of decline; not like old John McGraw, desperately ill and unable to rouse the old competitive fire either in himself or in his players; not like young Leo Durocher, angrily, avariciously. Stengel plays to win, and he does win, but he enjoys the process. And his enjoyment reaches the onlooker, so much so that this bent, wrinkled, gray-haired old man is far beyond the Mantles, the Musials, the Williamases as the dominant personality of the game.

This past year was the monumental one of his career. He completed his great decade of managing. He guided the American League to victory in the All-Star Game. He testified before a congressional hearing on baseball and completely disarmed the Congressmen with his shrewd, wise, rambling, hilarious discourse. He won the pennant, and it was just about the easiest he ever won, though the taste of it became just a little sour late in the year when his team grew bored with its overwhelming lead and played out the season in lackluster, indifferent style.

They carried this dreary manner of play into the World Series and lost three of the first four games. The third loss was an utter disaster, with a Yankee outfielder making an incredible sequence of errors that brought defeat and seemingly crushed hope.

But defeat does not awe Casey, and he is on good terms with hope. The year before he batted .352 for Aurora he hit only .233 for Maysville. Before he starred in the World Series he had been traded from seventh-place Brooklyn to eighth-place Pittsburgh to eighth-place Philadelphia. Before he came to the Yankees he managed in the majors for nine years without ever getting out of the second division.

At this nadir of Yankee fortunes, the 67-year-old Stengel ran up the dugout steps, shouting at his players, rallying them, rolling his arms in the gesture that means, "Let's go! Let's get 'em!" In the worst moment of defeat he was looking for victory.

Next day the Yankees won. They won the next game, as Casey juggled his pitchers. And they won the next game, overwhelmingly, to take the Series. It was the most remarkable comeback in World Series history and the sweetest triumph of Casey Stengel's long career.





*The most complete victory
belonged to a quiet man with a pencil*

OLIN STEPHENS

by CARLETON MITCHELL

WHEN *Columbia* swept across the finish line to win the final match for the America's Cup last August, Briggs Cunningham leaned far out and patted her sleek bottom in a spontaneous gesture of appreciation. His next gesture might well have been to turn and pat the back of Olin Stephens, standing beside him, searching with binoculars for the challenger *Sceptre*, a badly beaten boat almost out of sight astern.

For the 17th defense of the America's Cup was as nearly a personal triumph for Olin James Stephens as any such cooperative venture could be. Not only had he designed *Columbia*, the defender, but *Vixen*, runner-up in the Final Trials; and not only had his genius brought *Columbia* into being from a blank sheet of paper, but he also contributed to her ultimate success with his practical ability as a seaman. At once an artist and an engineer, a dreamer and a doer, Olin Stephens is unquestionably the leader in his field, yet a man many of whose interests lie elsewhere, something of a Renaissance man in corduroy slacks and sneakers—but equally at home in bow tie and dark suit.

His entire life led up to the moment of victory off Newport last summer. Since childhood he had sailed with his father and brother Rod, and had filled school-boy notebooks with sketches of boats. In 1929, only 21 years old, after a brief and unsatisfactory experience at MIT ("I was impatient to get on with design") he evolved *Dorade*, a boat combining a lean light hull with an aerodynamically efficient rig, which revolutionized ocean racing. His genius has never since been questioned.

At 50, Olin Stephens appears to be the epitome of the shy, silent type, almost perfect for casting as the serious postgraduate student. Yet there is a cold glint in the eyes behind the horn-rimmed glasses, hinting at a calm inflexible quality in the man. In a very real sense, he is a postgraduate student, never ceasing to learn. His early deficiency in engineering was overcome by hard study as he began to practice naval architecture, and he worked closely with the late mathematical wizard Kenneth S. M. Davidson in the early tank tests at Stevens Institute in Hoboken. He is "a one night a week and Sunday painter," according to his own definition, working in "abstract impressionism rather than abstract expressionism." (The same mind also was instrumental in producing the amphibious DUKW, the wartime "Duck," equally at home afloat and ashore, which many engineers had termed impossible.) He enjoys seri-

ous music, but does not own a boat, summers at Sheffield, Mass., "where there is enough water to swim in but not enough to sail on." He fishes for trout ("I'm not expert, but it's fun") and drives a Mercedes-Benz 190SL ("a nice responsive car is like a nice responsive boat").

If asked to define Olin Stephens' outstanding personal characteristic, I would say it was uncompromising, objective honesty. In sailing, with the variables of wind and current, it is easy to find alibis. He never does. If the boat of another architect had been faster before the wind shift came which insured its defeat, he says so because "a designer has to know whether a boat is good or not so he won't go wrong next time."

This honesty and personal integrity extends to major as well as minor issues. In 1937, a young man just beginning a career, Stephens collaborated with W. Starling Burgess, the dean of American naval architects, in the design of *Ranger*, the super J boat. The two designers had agreed not to say whose lines were used, and for almost 20 years the secret was kept. Then Harold Vanderbilt in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* credited *Ranger* to Olin Stephens because of a characteristic in the rudder which he thought he recognized. Burgess was dead, and Stephens only had to let the statement go unchallenged to add the greatest racing sailboat ever fashioned to his record. Yet immediately he wrote a letter to Vanderbilt correcting his impression: although the two architects had worked together so closely something of each went into all the hulls, *Ranger* belonged to Burgess. And Olin Stephens unhesitatingly said so.

The summer of 1958 was not easy for such an intense individualist. It was the first year since 1937 he had devoted entirely to sailing. But with brother Rod, Briggs Cunningham, Harry Sears, Corny Shields, Colin E. Ratsey and the others, Olin Stephens and his creation achieved destiny. The oldest and most hallowed international trophy, the symbol of supremacy of the seas, remained firmly on its pedestal in the New York Yacht Club. And this time there could be no doubt that the principal architect of victory was Olin James Stephens.

TURN THE PAGE FOR A SALUTE
TO OTHER HEROES OF THE YEAR

HEROES OF THE YEAR

BOXING/Martin Kane

SUGAR RAY ROBINSON

The glory of Sugar Ray Robinson will be told succinctly in *The 1959 Ring Record Book*, which will list his five winnings of the middleweight championship and note that he is the only man ever to win it that many times. But it was told wordlessly by Sugar Ray himself on the March night he beat Carmen Basilio at Chicago Stadium to regain once more, and

surely for the last time, the crown Basilio had taken from him the year before. On that night Sugar Ray told the story with his fists, with ring generalship and with the courage of a champion. A man of strange quirks—he is afraid of elevators, for instance—he is also a man of unquestioned bravery in the ring. No one was easily against Basilio, and Robinson took severe body punishment that a lesser man could not have endured. Here is one of the great fighters, of the year 1958 and of all time.



SWIMMING/Coles Phoenix

JOHN KONRAD

At the Olympics in Melbourne two years ago, 14-year-old John Konrad of New South Wales served as training pace-maker for Australia's great distance swimmer, Lorraine Crapp. A year later Konrad was leading the whole Australian pack, setting a pace that left the world in his wake. Last winter in three weeks he broke every world freestyle record from

200 meters up, and in July he won three gold medals at the British Empire Games. With veterans of the 1956 Olympics, like his countryman Murray Rose and Tsuyoshi Yamamaki of Japan, still on the scene, victory for Konrad at the next Games in Rome is far from certain. This much is sure: both by his record and his continuing dedication in practice, at the age of 15, in a mid-Olympic year, this youthful Australian proved to be the finest swimmer the world has ever known.



HORSE SHOWS/Alice Higgins

FRITZ THIEDEMANN

Some half a dozen horsemen had spectacular successes this past year, among them Americans Hugh Wiley, who won the King George V trophy, and Billy Steinkraus, winner of the silver cup of the city of Rotterdam. But after last autumn's indoor circuit at Washington, Harrisburg and New York, a German, Fritz Thiedemann, was the standout rider. Thiedemann, a 40-year-old farmer from Elmshorn, set the pace by winning the individual championship at Washington, and then won the first event to launch another German team victory at Harrisburg. He also managed to take home the big cup in the New York National's individual jumping stake.

Earlier in 1958 at Aachen, Germany, the onetime cavalry officer gained the European championship. As a brilliant and consistent rider, individually or as one of a team, Fritz was always at the top.



TENNIS/William F. Talbert

PANCHO GONZALES

In pro tennis' traveling version of a tribal election—the old chief brought on to do combat with each new candidate—Pancho Gonzales again earned the right to wear the feathers. In 1958 he did it the hard way. Five weeks after the start of his pro tour with the young Australian Lew Hoad the old champion had lost 18 of 26 matches. As one of his colleagues said,

"Gongo's through. He's eating doughnuts"—a trade-lingo description of a man playing aimlessly, with no hope of success. But during an intermission in the tour, Gongo Gonzales stopped "eating doughnuts." He lost a few pounds, sharpened his game and altered his attitude. When the tour resumed, the veteran was once again in control of the situation. Soon he had pulled even with his young challenger, and when the tour had ended he was out in front 51-36 and wearing the feathers.



HERB ELLIOTT

For records set, drama produced and concepts rearranged, no other athlete in 1958 matched the young, audacious Australian, Herb Elliott. In January, when he was still a month short of his 20th birthday, he ran the mile in 3:55.9 and five days later improved on this performance by more than a full second. On his epic four-month tour of the U.S., Ire-



land, Great Britain and Europe, Elliott easily out-traced the best runners in the world and came back home with incredibly fast world records for the mile (3:54.5) and 1,500 meters (3:36). More important, he demonstrated emphatically that there is almost no predictable limit to the amount of speed and stamina an athlete can achieve with the proper training and attitude. In addition, Elliott is so young, strong and determined to excel that it seems the years ahead will also belong to him.

BOB PETTIT

All the chips are down in a world championship game; it is a time for greatness. Bob Pettit chose such a contest, against Boston in April, to demonstrate his, convincingly. He scored an amazing 50 points, singlehandedly wresting the NBA title from the Celtics for St. Louis, and giving so much of himself to the effort that he was unable even to lift his head for pho-



tographers in the dressing room afterward. Bob's overpowering skill on attack has tended to obscure the fact that he is one of the best defensive players in basketball today—a facet of his ability shown in this picture of him about to block a shot by Bob Cousy. Pettit's daily Jekyll-Hyde transformation is a startling phenomenon. Off court, he is shy and mild to the point of meekness; when the whistle blows, he is a relentless bundle of aggression, irresistibly on the scent of victory.

JOHNNY UNITAS

The most expensive football player in the world is a tall, skinny young man named Johnny Unitas, who wasn't worth the price of a steak dinner three years ago. That was when the Pittsburgh Steelers, who had drafted Unitas in 1955, released him. He played a year of sandlot football in Pittsburgh then before the Baltimore Colts, looking for a bull-



pen quarterback to relieve starter George Shaw, picked him up. When Shaw went out of action early in 1956 with an injured knee Unitas took over, and he has been the best quarterback in the National Football League ever since. More than any other player he was responsible for Baltimore's great success in 1958. He played the second half of the season with a harness protecting three broken ribs, but it did not affect his passing aim, his judgment or, most important of all, his cool courage.

PETE DAWKINS

There are those who will tell you that Pete Dawkins of Army was not the best all-round college football player of 1958—and perhaps they are right. But for sheer excitement, for the remarkable ability to score with explosive suddenness from any point on the field, none could match this big, blond, 59-year-old halfback from Royal Oak, Mich. Weighing 195



pounds and blessed with a sprinter's speed, he was a great pass receiver and a determined, slashing runner. He won football games. But Pete Dawkins was even more than this; he was also a leader. Captain of the best Army team in years, brigade commander of all cadets at West Point, president of his class, honor student, talented musician, he possessed all the qualities that go to make a star athlete—and a sportsman. He earned the right to be called college football's player of the year.

HEROES OF THE YEAR

GOLF/Herbert Warren Wind

CHARLIE COE

Although several professionals compiled outstanding records in 1958—Tommy Bolt (who won the Open), Arnold Palmer (who won the Masters) and Dow Finsterwald (who won the PGA) had excellent over-all records, and Bill Casper and Ken Venturi, though victorious in no major events, certainly accomplished artistic and financial wonders on the circuit—none

of them emerged quite the year that Charlie Coe did. Equipped with a compact revised swing and a type of determination that was almost Hoganesque in its taciturn undivertableness, Coe, the 1949 champion, not only regained the National Amateur title in September at Olympic but he also led the amateurs in the National Open and then finished his great year by bringing in the U.S. team's lowest five-round total in the Eisenhower Trophy match at St. Andrews in October.



HORSE RACING/Whitney Tower

WILLIE SHOEMAKER

In horse racing, where thousands of individuals contribute from behind the scenes to the well-being of the sport, special honors usually are won by an individual out in front whose record of achievement can hardly go unnoticed. When, as in the case of Willie Shoemaker's 1958 season, such a record is coupled with sportsmanship of the highest caliber, it is doubly noteworthy.

For Shoemaker this was a fabulous year in the saddle: it brought close to 300 winners and (at the age of 27) his fourth national riding title. But beyond the cold record of Willie's winning rides on horses like Round Table, Gallant Man, Clem, Tony Lee, Restless Wind and Intentionally, 1958 stands out for The Shoe as the year when he ultimately received unanimous acclaim from his fellow riders and the public as the most respected man in his highly dangerous profession.



SKIING/Ezra Bowen

LUCILE WHEELER

Three years ago at Cortina, almost unnoticed in the blizzard of adulation that swirled around Toni Sailer, a 21-year-old Canadian girl named Lucile Wheeler finished third in the women's downhill. Two years later, at the 1958 FIS world championships in Bad Gastein, she took both the women's downhill and giant slalom and was hailed as the new ruler of

the skiing world, the first girl since the great Andrea Mead Lawrence to win two gold medals in world competition. Only 23, there seemed no limit to her future in skiing. Then, in October, she announced she was retiring, tired after six years of big-time racing. In the past few weeks, however, Lucile was making noises like a girl who might race again. Everyone who knows her or who has raced with her hopes she does. She is a gracious queen, as well as a deadly competitor, and the sport needs her.



HOCKEY/Kenneth Ruden

MAURICE RICHARD

Saying that Maurice (The Rocket) Richard was the outstanding ice hockey player of 1958 is like saying water was wet last year. In the Stanley Cup playoffs, while still recovering from a grave injury to his right Achilles' tendon, playing on 36-year-old legs and competing for goals with younger players of brilliance on one of the great Montreal teams, he displayed again

his famous talent for excelling while under extreme pressure. In the fourth game of the semifinal series with Detroit—the decisive game—he scored three goals in the Canadiens' 4-1 victory. In the critical fifth game of the final series with Boston, he scored the sudden-death, tie-breaking goal in overtime that broke Boston's heart. In November he made the 600th goal of his long, tempestuous, illustrious, unparalleled career. Neither the record nor the man is likely ever to be surpassed.



AND A BOW TO THE SUPPORTING CAST

THE PREMIER HEROES of 1958 on the preceding pages accomplished extraordinary feats but they achieved their greatness in every case by winning over tough competitors. Else their triumphs would have been meaningless. The competitors they beat deserve recognition and so do leaders in sports like sky-diving that are too thinly populated to get much attention. A special commendation, then, to this supporting cast:

CAROL HEISS. She took the world's ice-skating championship again after being stricken ill.

WARREN SPAHN. This Milwaukee southpaw won 20 games for the ninth time in his career and won two out of three games from the Yankees in the World Series.

GLENN DAVIS. He set two world records during the year, 45.7 seconds in the 440-yard run and 49.2 seconds in the 400-meter hurdles.

PERCY CERUTTY. He trained Herb Elliott.

SUNNY JIM FITZSIMMONS. His superior training made Bold Ruler the top handicap horse of the year, though the colt never carried less than 133 pounds in winning five of seven starts.

GRAHAM MANN. Helmsman of the *Scepter* in the America's Cup races, he was handicapped by his boat but admired for his seamanship, courage and grace.

PHIL HILL. This Californian won the Le Mans 24-hour race and Sebring's 12-hour race. He was also on the winning Italian Ferrari Grand Prix team.

JACQUES ISTEL. Sky-diving (free-fall parachuting) is a new sport in the U.S., and we were far behind countries like Russia and France until this naturalized American gave it a Billy Mitchell crusade. Now we are catching up with the rest of the world.

There are many others who warrant acknowledgment. Who can ever forget **ARCHIE MOORE's** bold stand in defense of his light heavyweight title against Yvon Durelle, how Archie saved his crown after four trips to the canvas by knocking out a far younger and supposedly stronger opponent? In harness racing there is **BILLY HAUGHTON**, leading driver-trainer for the sixth year in a row and leading money winner for the fifth successive year. One thinks of **DAN ORLEN**, who broke 399 out of 400 targets, including 50 pairs of double targets, for a new American trapshooting record; **BOB MOHRACHER**, who in 1957 won the International Gold Cup, symbol of the world class boat championship, and this year became North American men's champion in small-boat racing; and **HARRY DE LEYER**, who won eight jumping championships, three reserve championships and the Professional Horseman's Association high-point award on *Snowman*, a horse he bought for \$80.

For one sportsman of the year, the days of competition are over. He is **ROY CAMPANELLA**, paralyzed in an automobile accident, whose courage and good cheer in the face of his personal disaster were an inspiration to all people, in and out of sport.

END



CAROL HEISS



WARREN SPAHN



GLENN DAVIS



PERCY CERUTTY



SUNNY JIM FITZSIMMONS



GRAHAM MANN



PHIL HILL



JACQUES ISTEL

The Gaels gallop again

Little St. Mary's has hopes of being best in the West, and they are mostly centered on a young man who arrived via Manchuria and a Japanese prison camp

THEY used to call St. Mary's the Notre Dame of the West back in the days when the Galloping Gaels were capturing nationwide headlines with their colorful football teams. Public fancy was piqued not only by the team's fine record against many of the country's leading powers—climaxing by victory over Texas Tech in the Cotton Bowl in 1939—but because this was and is a small school by any standards. The student body has seldom exceeded the less-than-700 which it is today. In the late 1940s, however, like many another college its size, St. Mary's found itself unable to carry the burden of intensive recruiting and the 100-odd athletic scholarships necessary to field a first-rank team, and in 1951 intercollegiate football was dropped completely.

The subsequent search for sports prestige by most of the colleges in this category veered toward concentration on basketball—St. Mary's was no different—and it is truly remarkable how many of the Catholic schools have since consistently achieved national ranking despite their slim enrollments. The list is as long as this page and includes San Francisco, DePaul, Niagara, St. Bonaventure, La Salle, Canisius, Providence, Seattle, St. Joseph's (Pa.) and Santa Clara. And the explanation: a disproportionately high percentage of the country's best coaches have been attracted to these small schools—Phil Woolpert, Ray Meyer, Dudley Moore, Taps Gallagher are just a few of them.

To such a distinguished roster of colleges and coaches the names St. Mary's and Coach Jim Weaver will have to be added this year. For the Gaels have begun to gallop again, this

time on the hardwood, and are apparently headed for the school's first conference basketball title in its history.

Weaver, a mild, scholarly 39-year-old who played and coached under Meyer at DePaul, is no exception to the coaching rule of disclaiming optimistic predictions. But he is also too honest to talk about achieving "upsets," as many others do when their squads are loaded with talent. "We are," he says, "at least a lukewarm favorite." He is also, these days, meditating on the odd fact that success has thus far come to him in a sequence of fours. In his fourth year as coach at St. Patrick's Academy in Chicago he won both the Catholic League and the city championships. In his fourth

year at St. Mel's high school in Chicago he repeated the same two victories. He is now in his fourth year at St. Mary's.

More important to Weaver than those omens, however, is the presence at St. Mary's of a ruggedly handsome young man named Thomas Nickolas Meschery, who came to the campus in California's lovely Moraga Valley by an even odder sequence of events. Indeed, if the Japanese had decided to attack Pearl Harbor on a day other than December 7, 1941, he might not have come there at all.

Meschery's parents fled their native Russia during the 1917 Revolution. They got as far as Harbin, Manchuria. There the elder Meschery found a job with the U.S. consul and there Tom was born in 1938. The following year Nickolas Meschery left his wife, Tom and 2-year-old daughter Ann in Harbin, emigrated to San Francisco and began saving pennies toward the day when he

TIME OUT huddle during game shows Tom Meschery joining his teammates in urging each other on to greater efforts. Gaels have high hopes for conference title this year.



could send for his family. It came in December 1941, and Mary Meschery boarded the train in Harbin—with Tom slung knapsack-fashion on her back and Ann in her arms—headed for the port of Mukden, a ship and reunion by the Golden Gate. Thus meeting was delayed for five years.

Halfway to Mukden, Japanese soldiers stopped the train, announced the bombing of Pearl Harbor and held all passengers for transshipment to prison camps. In the group were 15 Christian Brothers from Canada, who immediately adopted the Mescherys and, for the next three years, served as protectors, playmates and teachers of the children. "I was pretty young, of course," Tom recalls today, "but I remember vividly all the things the brothers did for us. They were second fathers to me. They'd carry me around the prison camp on their backs, play with me, somehow get me the oranges I loved to eat. And they gave me the castor oil when I ate too many of them. I wouldn't take it from anyone else. I was a stubborn little guy."

Often, Tom and the brothers had to suspend a game of "catch" and dash for shelter when American bombers came overhead. "Once," he remembers, "bombs set fire to the camp buildings and we had to get out in a hurry. We ran around Tokyo looking for shelter and found a hospital operated by some Catholic sisters. We stayed there for a year or so until the war was over."

In San Francisco at last, Tom grew to his present 6 feet 6 inches and muscular 210 pounds, made his first contact with a basketball on the Grant School playground and took to the game immediately. He won all-state, all-league and all-America honors in high school, attracting scholarship offers from more than 50 colleges around the country. The clamor grew after he appeared in the AAU championships in Denver in 1937 where, as a mere high school graduate, he played first-string with an amateur San Francisco team that went all the way to the finals, winning recognition as the most promising player in the tournament. None of the fantastic bids—both over and under the table—made much impression on Meschery, however. He chose St. Mary's (operated by the Christian Brothers) "because of the great respect and admiration I have for the

brothers." It was as simple as that.

Meschery is a deceptive kind of basketball player—for spectators, at any rate, whose eyes are often caught by flashy styles and moves. Though he scores well enough—he was high man with the undefeated St. Mary's freshmen last year—his real value to a team lies in other areas. He is a dogged rebounder, a clean but unspectacular passer, a defender who cannot be discounted. Only a careful reading of a game's statistics reveals his true worth, generally showing him the team's top scorer, but with 16 rebounds, a half dozen assists and, most important, having held his man below double figures. It is the kind of performance that inspires teammates. "He is," as Jim Weaver puts it succinctly, "a coach's player, perhaps also a player's player, because he's always picked on all-opponents' teams by other schools."

In the Gaels' first five games this season, Meschery led them to victory over UCLA, Stanford, Redlands and Sacramento State and, characteristically, blames himself for a two-point loss to a powerful California team which is favored to win the PCC title again. Three weeks ago the Gaels began a 2,500-mile tour, playing Utah, Utah State, Brigham Young and then Tennessee Tech and Washington University of St. Louis in the Holiday tournament in Evansville, Ind. Meschery had incurred a thigh injury prior to the tour, was sent back to California from Salt Lake City and did not play in any of these games. Without Meschery St. Mary's was an extremely erratic team, obviously missing his steady hand and control of the backboards. They beat probably the strongest team on that list, nationally ranked Utah, and the weakest, Washington, and lost to the other three.

This week they open the West Coast Conference race against Loyola in Los Angeles, and their toughest opposition undoubtedly will be Phil Woosper's defending champions of San Francisco. But Meschery will be back in action, and, despite Weaver's caution, the Gaels must be counted somewhat better than lukewarm favorites. With Meschery up front, St. Mary's has slender, agile Larry Doss, an excellent shooter, and Dick Sigaty, not quite as rugged as Meschery but a fine boardman. In the backcourt are reliable Bob Dold and Joe Gar-



TIME OUT on campus finds Meschery with Dick Sigaty (left) and Larry Doss (right).

dere, who is only 5 feet 9 inches but, with Meschery, a key factor in team performance. Gardere can and has jumped high enough to block shots by rival players 10 inches taller. He is extremely fast, a good ball handler and often disconcerts rivals with his flashy ball hawking. This last, however, frequently leads him to gamble foolishly on being able to steal passes, with the result that his own man is left in the clear for easy shots. If he curbs this amateurish tendency, St. Mary's will have the backcourt playmaker it needs for first-rank consideration.

At any rate, the Gaels are back on the national scene again, primed to make loyal alumni, and a host of California fans, forget the golden days of football greatness. **END**



Ski Tip

WILLY SCHAEFFLER

St. Cloud, Penn. Instructor

QUESTION: As a beginner, I have trouble riding ski lifts. Is there a correct way to get on and stay on the various types of lifts?

Ever since Willy Schaeffler introduced the shortswing technique to America's recreational skiers in these pages a year ago, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has been bombarded with questions not only about the new technique but all phases of skiing. This week and each week, to the end of the season, Coach Schaeffler will answer these questions with a weekly column. Below is his reply to the first question.



SINGLE CHAIR: As chair approaches, look over your shoulder toward side on which the upright bar is attached. Shuffle skis to free them from snow. Grasp upright bar as it nears, delay chair so it tips forward. Go into half-sitting position and let the chair come ahead to pick you up.



DOUBLE CHAIR (with double bar): Turn to face bar on your side. Poles are held in the inside hand, with tips pointed out so they will not catch as riders sit down. Grasp bar with outside hand as shown, bend knees and let chair pick you up. Then switch poles to the outside hand.



DOUBLE CHAIR (with single bar): Each rider faces the bar, ready to grasp it with inside hand. Poles are in outside hand, points out. As soon as you are seated, raise ski tips and keep them up. To get off any chair, stand up quickly at the unloading point and ski out to one side.



Y BAR: As in single-bar double chair (above right), both riders turn toward bar and grasp it as it nears. Instead of half sitting, however, stay upright, with slightly bent knees, let crossbar catch you under seat and pull you. Do not try to sit on bar. Pick partner of equal height.



POMALIFT: Get good grip on stationary bar while attendant fastens it to moving cable. Hold bar as it moves ahead and brings you to full speed. Then tuck bar beneath legs and lean back, gently against the disc. Keep the knees slightly flexed, poles looped around the left wrist.



ROPE TOW: Loop poles around wrist of the outside hand. Place inside hand gently on rope and tuck outside hand behind small of back, palm upward, with mitten just touching rope. Close both mittens slowly, shuffling skis to free them from snow. Ride with skis a foot apart.

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CENTURY BOAT COMPANY, Box 350, Manatee, Michigan
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IN SKI CHALET built by Godfrey Rockefeller at Mad River Glen, Vermont, Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller and guest Roland Palmeo (left) enjoy cups of steaming Glühwein.

Especially for skiers

THERE is probably no human activity calculated to add more zest to the appetite than the business of navigating through snow on skis. No wonder, then, the increasing emphasis given to good eating as well as good drinking at ski centers across the country. "Ski *helf* and *bon appetit* are becoming more and more linked," says Denning Miller of Edson Hill Manor, Stowe, Vt.

How does the U.S. skier fare in the lodge dining room? What's the best thing for him or her to take along for a quick refueling on the slopes? The best snack to ask for in the warming hut? The most delightful pick-me-up at end of day? For some ideas of possible interest to ski buffs, the following compendium of information has been drawn together from expert sources.

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO

According to Ski School Director Sigl Engle: "Breakfast in the western fashion, of pancakes, eggs and bacon, is a must for skiers. You need a good foundation for the day."

MAMMOTH MOUNTAIN, CALIF.

Racing skier Linda Meyers, member of the 1958 FIS women's team which competed in Austria, recommends a light breakfast, "nothing heavy, such as pancakes."

STOWE, VT.

The lodge at Smugglers' Notch has a unique one-dish meal called *poole on pot Henri IV* which is a lunchtime favorite (beef, fowl and vegetables in bouillon, served in a tureen and garnished with marrow, crostons and grated Parmesan cheese).

SQUAW VALLEY, CALIF.

Monty Atwater, in charge of snow safety for the Olympic Winter Games, favors heavily sweetened tea before skiing and on the slopes as the best source of nourishment, heat and stimulation.

ASPEN, COLO.

Aspen Ski School Co-director Fred Iselin, who strongly disapproves of drinking wine or other spirits while skiing ("It slows down your reflexes like mad"), nevertheless finds merit in the energizing properties of vulgar lumps soaked with cognac for "when you need a little kick."

MONT TREMBLANT, QUE.

Old patrons say that the wonderful, restorative split-pea soup of *Achouffe* tradition, a specialty of the Lounge here, is not to be missed.

SUGAR HILL, N.H.

Roger A. Peabody, Executive Director, U.S. Eastern Amateur Ski Association, believes that not enough skiers pause for a nourishing lunch. "This is essential," he says, "to maintain bodily strength and thus reduce the

hazards of accidents due to fatigue." For the problem of quick energy between meals, Peabody has a New England solution: a maple sugar sandwich.

ALTA, UTAH

National Ski Association President Alton Melville stuffs his parka pockets with dried pears—fruit which he grows and dries right at home.

TAOS SKI VALLEY, N. MEX.

Swiss fondue, a classic dish to be found almost everywhere that skiers gather, is a standout at Honda Lodge, where it is called *fondue tomesse*. Made here with real Gruyère cheese, a Neuchâtel or dry Rhine wine, and kirsch, it is followed by a solitary apple served to each person in the Swiss tradition.

NORDEEN, CALIF.

Walter Hong, manager of the Sugar Bowl Ski Area and Lodge, says the universal diet of American skiers is the hamburger. At Sugar Bowl he estimates hamburger sandwiches outsell all others 20 to 1.

CANNON MOUNTAIN, N.H.

Mitterhoff purveys the most authentic and delicious Austrian food in this country. Notably worth trying are the *Eisberg* (vinegar sausage with onion) and *Pulovskinken* (paper-thin pancakes filled with ham).

ARAPANOE BASIN, COLO.

Famed Ski Coach Willy Schaeffer, chief of skiing events for the 1960 Winter Olympics, carries raisins in his pockets for quick energy on the slopes and also recommends honey sold in tubes like toothpaste. Says Schaeffer: "The raisins and the honey it takes all the butterflies out of the stomach."

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

President Donald L. Soviero of Bourquet's Ski Area has an interesting daytime warmer-upper. This is Russian coffee—half coffee, half hot chocolate, topped with whipped cream and nutmeg. For after skiing, he favors hot buttered rum made with scalded cider instead of water. Gives it more zom.

MT. HOOD, ORE.

Glenn Tranterella, an every-weekend skier who is also food editor of the *Portland Oregonian*, on the subject of after-ski fare says: "First of all, after coming off the slopes, a beer or two. A beer is it; first things first. Then a big pizza for the crowd."

HAD RIVER GLEN, VT.

Ski area president Roland Palmedo has a special trick for making *Glabvets*, the mulled red wine which is a popular drink at many U.S. ski centers. He recommends using a glass double boiler, through which the wine can be watched as it heats and prevented from boiling (which would vaporize the alcohol).

Previews of '59's kayos and decisions

Some soothsayings on the Supreme Court's IBC decision, two Patterson fights and Sugar Ray's portrayal of Hamlet

THIS YEAR of decision for boxing will be 1959. During that fateful time there will be more decisions than an ambitious egg-candler could make in an eight-hour day plus overtime.

There will, for instance, be an early decision of the Supreme Court of the United States as to whether the International Boxing Club is a monopoly and, if so, what an indignant people should do about it. Prediction: even a TV repairman can't save the IBC.

Then there will be a decision by Sugar Ray Robinson as to whether he will surrender his middleweight championship and retire into the world of song and dance or, perhaps, take arms against a sea of troubles and defend

his title against Carmen Basilio in another fabulous fight. Prediction: Sugar Ray will learn that people would rather see him fight than hear him sing. Look for them to fight in March at Madison Square Garden.

There will be a number of decisions about Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson, all made in the intricate mind of Manager Gus D'Amato. So far, D'Amato, arms folded and lips sewed, has said nothing. Prediction: Patterson's next opponent will be the winner of the Brian London-Henry Cooper bout in England January 12, and his second will be Ingemar Johansson, the No. 1 contender.

The heavyweight division, a slack and glassy sea in 1958, will thereby acquire interest. Toward the end of the year Sonny Liston will begin to emerge as the title's biggest menace. At the same time Roy Harris, the teacher from Cut and Shoot who went 12 rounds with Patterson in the only heavyweight title fight of 1958, will start to climb in the ratings again, after he beats Willie Pastrano in that long-postponed return bout.

The world in 1959 will continue to marvel at Archie Moore, the light heavyweight division's mountain of youth, and to speculate on his next defense. Prediction: He will fight Yvon Durelle again at Montreal and, surviving that, will meet a revived Bobo Olson in San Francisco.

As for the welterweight division, Carmen Basilio, if he wants to return to it, can handle either the present champion, Don Jordan, or that strangely inconsistent fellow, Virgil Akins, from whom Jordan won the welter championship. Prediction: despite popular disgust after their first meeting, Jordan will fight Akins again in St. Louis next March. Then, if Basilio should lose again to Sugar Ray, Carmen will look fondly back at the welterweights and regain

his 147-pound title in a big-gate fight with either Akins or Jordan.

Among the lightweights, Champion Joe Brown, suddenly touted as another Benny Leonard when he defeated the rather insignificant Ralph Dupas in a title fight, lost disgracefully to the rather insignificant Johnny Bussio when the title was not at stake. He will have to decide whether to take on Bussio in a title match. Prediction: Brown will fight Bussio, win, clearly and make sheepish explanations for his victory.

As for the rated featherweights, bantamweights and flyweights, who can say? They are scattered from Nigeria to Japan, and most of them will never meet each other, even socially. But a likely match next month pits the featherweight champion, Hogan (Kid) Bassey, the Nigerian, versus Davey Moore, the Springfield, Ohio, an at Los Angeles. Prediction: Bassey in trouble but winning by superior punching power.

The situation abroad, where tiny fighters dominate, is not to be compared with the situation in the United States, where the heavyweights and the income tax collectors dominate. Considering that five of the eight champions are Americans, one might expect a fury of activity in U.S. boxing during 1959. But if Patterson defends his title twice next year and is then offered a third fight he will be making that third defense, and risking his championship, for approximately the reward of a second-rate flyweight in Thailand. He may do it out of pride, and to hell with the income tax, but the sport is, after all, prizefighting.

The same consideration—money—applies to the other divisions. There can be no question that the income tax laws are unfair to those who live by the ideal of the honanza, an old American ideal, as against the ideal of a safe, secured income, an old pensioner's ideal. Perhaps this calls for a congressional investigation. Prediction: no soap.

DON JORDAN'S paper crown, symbol of welterweight title, may be knocked off.





FORD THUNDERBIRD BOWS INTO NASCAR RACING AT NEW DAYTONA INTERNATIONAL SPEEDWAY DURING FEBRUARY'S SPEED WEEK

T-bird on the racing trail

The debut of Ford's potent luxury car in NASCAR competition next month has racing's hot-stove league abuzz

AUTO RACING's hot-stove league was abuzz during the holidays over developments at those hotbeds of enterprise, Daytona Beach, Sebring and Indianapolis.

From Daytona came word that the four-seat Ford Thunderbird would be admitted to stock car racing on the NASCAR circuit for the first time, starting next month with the inaugural events on the ambitious new 2 1/2-mile Daytona International Speedway. Three days of racing at the track, February 20-22, will climax the annual Daytona Speed Week.

Bill France, president of NASCAR, said the Thunderbird became eligible when its specifications were filed with the Automobile Manufacturers Association last month. Such registration was not made the preceding year, he said, and since it is required for all competing cars the Thunderbird was barred in 1958.

Veteran NASCAR drivers disagreed sharply over the probable effect of the Thunderbird's appearance.

"The T-bird is designed to be a sports car," said Speedy Thompson, a past winner of the Southern "500." "They're wrong to put it into competition with regular passenger cars. It will kill racing."

"It will help racing," said Buck Baker, a former Grand National champion. "Sure, it will have lots of horsepower, but it won't be the only good car on the tracks. It will give us more variety."

Ford, of course, has never called the Thunderbird a sports car. In its former two-seat dress, however, it could fairly be called a sports-touring car. Today's larger four-seat model fits none of the usual definitions for sports cars, but it certainly has plenty of oomph and, at least on paper, figures to excel in track racing.

Most of the furor over the car is due to the fact that it can be equipped with a very large optional engine, displacing 430 cubic inches, while the standard Ford, weighing not a great deal less, has an engine of 352 cubic inches in its most powerful admissible stock car racing trim.

John Holman, a successful Ford entrant in past years, is preparing a Thunderbird of his own for Daytona and six more for other campaigners. He points not only to the bigger engine but also to the more streamlined body ("We won't have to push so much air around") and the lower center of gravity of the car.

For the last word we turn to Curtis Turner, a heavy-footed and colorful driver.

"The T-bird," he says, "will be just a good car among other good cars."

"What car are you driving yourself, Curtis?" you might ask.

"Why, John Holman's Thunderbird," he answers.

The buzz over Sebring concerns a postponement of the long-awaited full-dress Grand Prix race for the

world's best single-seat road racing cars. Originally scheduled to be run on March 22, the day after the traditional Sebring 12-hour world championship race for sports cars, it will now close rather than open the season if all goes well. Application for a date in late November or December has been made to the Federation Internationale de l'Automobile.

"We discovered," said Alce Ulmann, the Sebring organizer, "that the English BRM and Vanwall cars would not be ready in time and that the Aston Martin people would welcome the postponement, although their new car could be ready. We certainly want to have Lance Reventlow's new Formula 1 car for the race, but we know it will not be finished by March. There are other factors: some opposition in Sebring to racing on Sunday; a complaint from one of the leading drivers that two long races on consecutive days would be too exhausting; the problem of raising the \$100,000 or so that it takes to put on an event of this kind—you don't find that kind of money on the street in 10 minutes.

"At any rate we are well along with our financing—some big companies are interested—and we hope to have the playoff for the world driver championship next fall."

At Indianapolis the United States Auto Club, sanctioning body for the Indianapolis "500" and many other track races, decided to retain its present rules governing engine size for championship cars through the racing season of 1962. **END**



A BONAIRE FISHING BOAT RETURNS FROM SEA

Color photographs by Bradley Smith

An Offbeat Haven in Southern Seas

by HORACE SUTTON

The Netherlands Antilles, remnants of a Dutch adventure in the Caribbean 300 years ago, offer new adventures to Americans today

AS THE WINTER WINDS blew in the winterlands to the north last week, a small company of venturesome Americans, in search of beaches, bargains and the offbeat, were tucked away in the Netherlands Antilles, a string of six off-trail Caribbean islands, remnants of the Dutch adventure in the New World 300 years ago.

Only now rustling into wakefulness, the tropical Dutchlands have become suddenly aware of their natural charms—their weather and good looks, decorated by such cosmetics as rakish new hotels and free-port shops. Two major inns have risen under the Dutch palms this year, and contracts are afoot for at least two more. Of the 2,200 acres put up for subdivision and sale on one sand-and-sun-swept island two years ago, not one parcel of beach property remains unsold.

The three islands of the Windward group—St. Maarten, Saba and St. Eustatius—have blinked and waked to find themselves lying just an air hour off bubbling Puerto Rico. The other three—Aruba, Bonaire and Curaçao, are now linked by direct KLM service not only to Miami but nonstop to New York. They will be four hours from Manhattan when the jets come in.

The nearest island, St. Maarten, suffers not at all from a split personality—it is French on one side and Dutch on the other. According to an ancient wheeze with which

it regales the tourist, Sint Maarten (which is spelled Saint Martin on the French side) got that way because the original Dutch and French landing parties occupied different sides of the island without each other's knowledge. In a stroke of early-day Hammarskjöldian genius, it was decided to divvy up the real estate by placing a Dutch and a French representative back to back and bidding them walk around the island in opposite directions. The border was to be drawn across the island from the starting point to the place they met face to face. Some say the Dutch representative downed a Bols or two (Dutch gin served cold, swallowed neat) and fell asleep, because the Frenchman walked around the valuable salt pans which are today on the French side. However, the Dutch side has all the hotels, the airport and, as well, the longest names. The *gezaghhebber*, or lieutenant governor, does business, for example, in the *gezaghheberskantoor*. And the gingerbread town of Philipsburg, crossed by *stroken*, is crisscrossed by *steegen*, creating such streets

continued

THE QUIET CHARM of Willemstad radiates from old houses, from Queen Emma's bridge opening for ships and (bottom) in garden of Curaçao Intercontinental hotel.





LOVELY, LONELY Andicouri Bay on north shore of Aruba has rich reward for those who seek it out: a small white bench pinched between dramatic rock outcroppings.

as Terpentijnsteeg, Tamarindesteeg and Hotelsteeg, on which there is no hotel.

The rolling landscape on the French side looks like New Jersey in summer, even though the fat cattle graze under such un-Jerseyish greenery as mango and almond trees. The fact that there is still no electricity in Margot rather slows the night life, although from time to time the populace erupts in Saturday night dances known rather aptly as bullfights. By day the Tricolor flutters in the soft-blowing trades, dark-skinned faces sometimes sport beets, a gendarme in kepi occasionally appears, and if you don't mind doing business in the general store which also sells fish and nails you can buy Marie Brizard liqueurs at \$2 or an ounce of Chanel at \$8. Despite these reminders that the territory is administered by the *Préfecture de La Guadeloupe*, the language, as on the Dutch side, remains predominantly English.

Doubtless the Dutchiest landmark on the Dutch side is the Little Bay Hotel, built on a curving beach by the government in 1955. Guest cottages (\$32 to \$40 a day for two, with meals) sit in a half circle looking down on the sea, each furnished and maintained like the apartment of a circumspect Amsterdammer. The bar, surrounded as it is by stained glass, has a way of reminding me as I sit there, Heineken's in hand, that I ought perhaps to be holding a prayerbook instead. Thankfully, the stained glass panels include the unchurlish face of Peter Stuyvesant, who lost his leg in a battle off the beaches of this very island. Regaled by his historical presence, and inspired by the Dutch beer, anyone ought to be up to a modest Dutch dinner, which on a recent night included cream soup, chicken livers on toast, lobster Newburg, ice cream, cake and coffee.

In the adjoining bay, on its own broad beach shaded with castor trees and sea grape, a few yards from the center of somnolent Philipsburg, is the elegant Bohemia of the Pasanggrahan. Named for the East Indian word for inn, which is used traditionally in the Dutch Caribbean, it is run like a Turtle Bay town house in the tropics by an ex-Manhattan decorator, Peter Byram. Its lessee is Enk Lawaetz, an American resident from St. Croix who steered his yacht into St. Maarten to escape a storm a few years back and

stayed to buy 2,200 acres of choice beach-fringed and hilltop property which has since been subdivided into plots that run from two to five acres. They cost from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a plot, and anybody interested must also plunk another \$1,000 into company stock (the company will build a hotel designed by Happy Ward, who did the Mill Reef Club in Antigua). Among the takers: W. H. Fawcett Jr. of the publishing family, Broadcaster John Cameron Swayne and Author Donald Douglass. Building costs can run anywhere from \$2,000 to \$22,000, but a New Jersey dentist who built a house in St. Croix some years back and later sold it rebuilt the same house on St. Maarten last year for just half the St. Croix price.

As yet, there is neither water nor electricity, but there is a rough road lined with banyan trees and red-brown turpentine. Fiddler crabs skitter sideways, scurrying away from the jeep wheels, and doves and pheasants fly sorties over the fields of pigeon peas and guinea corn growing in the sand soil. The seaside sites overlook strands of blinding white sand, a pulverized limestone and coral so soft, so warm, so sea-soaked that for tired bodies from the north it is like reclining in a soup plate of cooked rice.

Once the government's guest house, the Pasanggrahan was taken over by Lawaetz to house prospects for his real estate project. Redecorated by Byram, it opened in January 1957 and has proved a smashing success. Its 12 rooms, each with bath, cost \$20 to \$24 a day for two at the top of the season. Most are at the edge of the sand, a step from the sea. Cocktails are served on a terrace hard by a clutch of bouganvillaea, with the strange volcanic hulk of Saba rising on the horizon.

In the house party atmosphere that pervades the Pasanggrahan, Byram organizes day trips to one or another of the 39 beaches on the island, sometimes leaves a lobster order with a fisherman in Grand Case and the next day takes the whole party out to a wild beach for lobster and iced wine. Twenty pounds of lobster, enough for the whole house, costs \$10. Indeed, there is so much lobster in the shoals around St. Maarten that Robert Choist, an adventuring Monegasque who sailed a sloop from Dakar to Martinique two years ago, plans to open a lobster pound with American Author Harold Humes as his partner. In season they will also serve

up tiny shrimp which are caught in the dark of the moon in a large pond in back of town where the shrimp come in to spawn. These days they are boiled and spiced and served in the streets by the saucerful.

An American named Stetson Riddon who is bringing in the island's first ice cream machine (as well as U-pedal-it bicycles), is organizing boat trips around the island for the first time this winter. Larger craft are occasionally available for charter to the isle of Sombbrero, to Anguilla, to French St. Bart's where Laurance Rockefeller has been buying up more beach, and to Barbuda, cloaked in dark tales of its dark days as a slave stud farm. But the prime trip is the crossing to the odd island of Saba, a cove on the skyline 15 miles away. A government motor schooner, the *Blue Peter*, makes the crossing twice a week, once plying out to Saba and back the same day and once staying overnight in St. Eustatius and coming back the day following.

AN ERROR IN '76

Statin, as St. Eustatius is called among its intimates, is famous only for what it once was, a booming island running goods and arms to the American revolutionaries. In 1776 it committed an error of liberal expression. It fired the first foreign salute ever awarded the new American flag. A few years later an unforgetting, vengeful British admiral sacked the island. It never recovered, today counts a scant 1,000 citizens.

Saba, which lived more or less peaceably, was never sacked, mainly because it has no harbor, no dock nor, for that matter, any sensible approach from the sea. The defenders found that rolling boulders down the outside walls of its volcano shell had a deterring effect on visitors. Visitors are not deterred nowadays, but a four- or five-hour sail each way on the *Blue Peter* (price: \$12.50) is not exactly encouragement, either. The crew, got up like a seagoing Negro company of *The Three Penny Opera*, whiles away the hours fishing with hand lines for bonito and barracuda. When the schooner finally comes abreast of Saba's one rock-strewn entrance from the sea, a longboat puts out from shore, flying the Dutch ensign and carrying the chief of police in full uniform. Said the chief when coming aboard the other day, in a speech marked for its brevity, its

continued



CRADLED IN A CRATER, village of The Bottom on Saba lies brooding between steep walls which have

protected it through the years. Remote and strange, Saba is one of most rewarding tourist spots in area.

OFFBEAT HAVEN *revisited*

clarity and its warmth. "Welcome over here."

Visitors are rowed to the edge of the shore, then pushed and pulled the last few yards over the rocks. This operation costs \$1 per person each way, plus time and a half if you arrive on Sunday. Jeeps climb the steep cement road of the volcano to the village which nestles in its crater. It goes by the disarming name of The Bottom. Sitting in the lieutenant governor's house in The Bottom not long ago, I asked the *pezu-gárber* the size of his police force. "That, sir," he informed me, "is a military secret." Imprudent villagers later confided that there are two constables in The Bottom, two more in the metropolis known as Windward Side. The other communities, St. John's and Hell's Gate, are on the honor system.

Some 1,200 islanders roost in the lofty ledges of Saba, two-thirds of them women. The men, having married, are likely to sail off to Curaçao and Aruba for jobs in the refineries or with the Grace Line or Moore-McCormack. Their checks come in every month and so, occasionally, do they, returning, sometimes years later, to be reunited with their children.

Sabans are predominantly white, speak with a Devonshire accent, grow melons called sweet gourds, live in trim clapboard houses that look

off to the grim shapes on the horizon that are St. Eustatius, St. Kitts and Nevis. Clouds hang over Saba as inexorably as a bum rap, and it is said that on a day when it doesn't rain in Saba somebody dies.

KLM's Royal Dutch service wings south from St. Maarten over the 550 miles of blue Caribbean to Curaçao, easing the journey with bolts of Bole, biscuits laced with Gouda cheese and a lunch catered in the ample tradition of the Little Bay Hotel. (Air France flies the route across to Puerto Rico, serves a cold plate lunch, chilled French wines and instead of chewing gum and earplugs, dispenses a dash of eau de cologne on take-off.)

OIL AND TOURISTS

In the old days Curaçao worked its plantations, raised fruit trees and kept goats. But slavery was abolished in 1863 and it wasn't until the oil companies came early in the 20th century to set up refineries for Venezuela's crude oil that the island became industrialized and important. And after the oil companies (Shell in Curaçao, Standard Oil in Aruba) came the cruise ships chockablock with tourists. There will be 146 cruise ship stops this winter, every one of them sailing down the canal-like entrance called St. Anna's Bay, with its gabled Dutch houses on either side and the famous pontoon bridge, Queen Emma, swinging aside to make way. On frantic days, three ships may arrive at one time, disgorging 2,000

tourists into the narrow shop-lined streets to mingle with the Curaçaoans chattering in Papiamentu, the Venezuelans looking for bargains too, and now and then Indian men up from South America in pigtails, cowboy hats and double-breasted suits.

In addition to the ships, KLM last year opened direct nonstop service from New York, and Curaçao opened a splendid new hotel called the Curaçao Intercontinental, designed by Connecticut Architect Joseph Salerno to fit inside the ramparts of a fort at the very entrance to the harbor. There are shops in the powder magazines, a shimmering pool just under the walls originally built to repel pirates and invaders. Inside is a gambling casino, an air-conditioned bar and a nightclub importing Los Chavales from the clubs of New York and Madrid and Pia Beck from the jazz *boleros* of Europe. No fortress was ever better equipped for an interminable siege. Indeed, few hotels can match the novelty of watching the cruise ships slip past one's window, rail-high with the second floor—rather like having the *Queen Mary* sail past the Waldorf on its way up Park Avenue.

For seaside swimming in Curaçao there is the Piscadera Bay Club, which has aluminum umbrellas shading artificial pallets of sand and a wired-in bay to protect swimmers from the nibbling fish. It also has a billiard table and a bar, a pleasant restaurant and a wide assortment of suites, some with sitting room, lee-

box, air-conditioning and wicker chairs on the terrace in view of the sailboats heeling back and forth between the Dutch islands and South America. For local fare there is the old Avila Hotel in town, which will serve up coconut soup with fish, eaten with a cornmeal loaf which the fishermen cook in sea water to season it naturally with salt. The old American Hotel has a terrace hanging over the Queen Emma where the frayed shopper can cool the brow and the bunions while watching the ships go by.

While Curaçao is not exactly a free port, its import duties are low and many (but not all) of its wares are well under U.S. prices. Its biggest bargain basement is the firm of Spritzer & Fuhrmann, Ltd., which sends its buyers all over the world, spreads its merchandise over six stores in Curaçao and Aruba, hires as many as 350 employees to cope with cruise ship days and exudes an atmosphere that is more Tiffany than Woolworth. It carries over 600 models of watches, from a \$7 number with a pulsating heart to a \$5,500 bauble ablaze with diamonds. For the South American trade, there are loose stones up to \$35,000 and 83-karat diamond bracelets (sold only in pairs) at \$20,000 the pair. English and Danish figurines, beaded bags from France, petit point from Austria, silver from England and Denmark, cashmores from Scotland are part of the wares not only of Spritzer & Fuhrmann but also of the Golden Tankard and the Yellow House as well as the Indian shops that line the side streets. Only liquor seems an awkward buy. Stores require purchases in lots of three bottles and must send them to the airport or ship; while it is all a saving, the cumbersome rules make it seem hardly worth the effort.

Forty-four different nationalities live in curious Curaçao, an island 40 miles long and three miles wide at its waist. Lam Yuen, a Chinese beanery in Willemstad, the capital, is alongside the Afro, which is next to the Old Dutch Tavern. And no cruise ship railbird will fail to miss that triumvirate, Moises Pieters and Co., Casa Cohen and Mendel's Soda Fountain standing side by side on the Handelskade. (Casa Cohen the other day was having a run on "kueles boepels.") Spanish is the language of the fruit peddlers who sail from Venezuela and park their sloops at the floating market at the edge of one of

Willemstad's streets. The books in the shops are in Dutch (*Mutterly op der Ceine, De dag van Pearl Harbor*), but the universal language is Papiamentu which (in Papiamentu) means way of talking. Evolved from the language of the slaves, it became a tongue through which the first settlers, the Dutch and the Portuguese Jews, could speak to each other. Borrowing words from everywhere, it has such corruptions as *kerke* for cheese, *kerke* for church, and two words borrowed from English: *okay* and *padding*.

With a paucity of beaches, Curaçao's main attractions are spending and looking. Its folders call it the eye-spot, buy-spot of the Caribbean. For the eye there is the massive bulk of Fort Amsterdam, which was built in 1634 and to this day houses the governor, a representative of the Queen whose working clothes are a flashing white suit with gold epaulets. The governor's home was built into the fort since he was expected to lead the defense in case of attack. Indeed, the fort was attacked as recently as 1929, when a band of Venezuelans who claimed they had been insulted by the governor kidnapped him and made off with a bag of arms and ammunition. The revolutionaries hadn't yet reached Venezuela when they discovered that the gubernato-

rial post had been changed a few days before and the alleged insult was already en route to Holland. Nowadays, guests coming to receptions at Fort Amsterdam use the left stairway because the conspirators used the stairs on the right.

Of the same vintage as the ancient fort is the Jewish cemetery of Beth Haim, which was consecrated in 1639 and is the oldest Caucasian burial ground in the New World. The Mikve Israel synagogue dates from 1732, and its cavernous interior is still lighted with four 24-candle brass chandeliers and the floor spread with sand as a constant reminder of the wanderings of the Jews across the Egyptian desert.

While Curaçao clings to the quaint, the neighboring Isle of Aruba, 30 minutes away by KLM's island-hopping DC-8s, is beginning to think of itself as the new Miami Beach. It has hired the Miami Beach press agent to beat the drums and hired an architect who specializes in Miami Beach extravaganzas to build its big new hotel, opening in March. If its *divertissements* are as yet a decade or two behind that Florida nest, its gorgeous stretch of sand far outshines the Miami Riviera. Aruba's magnificent Palm Beach stretches for six miles, or a third the length of the

continued



ACROSS SABA'S ROCKY BEACH natives heave the longboat that ferries tourists to and from *Blar Peter*, lying offshore. This is the island's only access from the sea.

whole island, the sand sugar-white, cooled by the sunless turquoise of what the Dutch call the *Carabische Zee*.

In the old scrublands of Aruba, the goats wander wild and unwanted, parakeets skitter through the flat, wind-blown divi-divi trees and the natives build fences of cactus planted shoulder to shoulder. No billboards are allowed, but flags are, and Arubans hang them out to designate their political feelings and also when babies are born, children wed, birthdays celebrated, and when an earnest family student passes college entrance exams.

Boiled peanuts and boiled cucumbers are tasty vegetables to an Aruban, but the island's most exotic food is served on the Restaurant Bali, which is a houseboat that specializes in the Indonesian *risolstufferi*, a spicy marathon of *saur*, *sambal*, *krupuk* and *lalabs*, which is to say, respectively, soupy stew; vegetables, meat and fish cooked in vegetable oil; fried puffed shrimp mash; and half-cooked vegetables. While the old boat creaks, the tongue burns, and the beer flows to extinguish the fire.

Spread out along Palm Beach is a bungalow resort called the Basi Ruti. Most of its cottages are air-conditioned and some have kitchenettes. Coming in a few months just next

door will be the Aruba Caribbean, a 125-room hotel in the Miami motif, complete with pool, terraces and a casino. Then the tourist program will begin in earnest. Until now the economy has been based on the Standard Oil refinery with 2,500 employees, most of them Americans, who live in their own private enclave at the southeast corner of the island. For sightseers who wander out in the *canoes*, or countryside, and travel down to an improbable gulch called Rooi Fluit, there is the relic of a gold mine that functioned for almost 100 years, until it went out of business in 1913. But to this day, after a rainstorm, the kids run out and search under the watapana and the wabi trees for stray nuggets. The new Miami press agent insists that they sometimes find one.

CALABASH TREES AND FLAMINGOS

Across the water, goldless, hapless, feckless Bonaire is in many ways the most fascinating of all the Dutch Caribbees. On Bonaire you ride out from Kralendijk over the rough road, past the divi-divi, past the frightened calabash trees that look like John Brown's hair in the John Stuart Curry painting of Harper's Ferry, past the wild donkeys that bray disconsolately in the night, past the scurrying green iguanas that look like shrunken dinosaurs. Finally, on the shores of Pekoemeer Lake, standing on the

marshy gray ground that is organic mud sprinkled with antler and brain coral, you can look out to the herds of pink flamingos, four or five thousand of them, standing and sleeping and occasionally winging overhead like bluish-red Constellations as silent as the sun (SI, March 7, 1955).

Near by are the salt pans, still yielding salt, each pan marked by colored pylons which once guided ship captains to the loading areas. Still standing, although they haven't been used for nearly 100 years, hardly bigger than doghouses, are the huts that were used as shelters for the slaves who worked the pans.

Down at Lac, where the Caribbean comes pounding in, blue and green and furious here, there are mounds of conch shells 10 feet high and an arbor of trees where the Bonaires come on Sundays bringing guitars and a scratchy *avero*, a notched gourd on which to keep the beat. The waves break hard against the reef, and just inside is the favorite ground for spear-fishing—bonito, ray, wahoo, barracuda and shark. On the way back to Kralendijk, ruddy turnstones with their black and white backs flit through the cactus; doves circle the water hole which is otherwise used by fishermen and donkeys. There are stepladders on the trees so goats can feed on the upper branches, and wild parrots screech in the blue.

There is only one hotel on Bonaire, and it was once an internment center at the outbreak of World War II. Now known as the Flamingo Beach Club and American-run by Rick Sanderson and his wife, it has a few air-conditioned rooms, and 14 cottages where the accommodations are downright Spartan. But the price, \$9.50 with meals, is right, the beach is outside the front door and the fishing is marvelous—trolling for bonito, tuna, wahoo, dolphin, barracuda, sail and king, bottom-fishing for red snapper. On hand for hire is a 40-foot ketch, an 18-foot Chris-Craft and a glass-bottom boat. Water skiers can skim the top of the *Carabische Zee*, and skin divers can probe beneath it. Inert in a sling chair on the awning-covered terrace there are those who will merely watch it, distracted only now and then by the sight of an occasional sail-fitted tub of a fisherman gliding home with a load of garfish, or by the cackle of a wild parrot, the bray of an orphaned mule, all of it far, far from the hubbub, the hurly-burly and The Hague.

END



SALT PANS OF BONAIRE, baking under tropic sun, are stark reminders of the days when slaves were quartered in the tiny houses and tall pylons signaled ships to land.

New Suit Shape

The Continental suit is a new—and controversial—item at your clothier's

MR. BUD PALMER, whose profession as TV sports announcer keeps him visibly and volubly in the public eye, is posing here (with N.Y. Ranger Wing Dean Prentice) as a protagonist in a quiet revolution. The suit he is wearing will soon be the talk of the country. Known as the Continental (from its Roman and Bond Street ancestry), it is calculated to be successor to the Ivy Look.

The Continental has many points in its favor. It is new. It has won endorsement from both custom tailors, whose international clientele started the look, and the mass manufacturers of suits looking for a boost to business. It will be found in every price range this spring. Whether or not it reshapes the disheveled American male remains to be seen, but not since padded shoulders vanished from his closet has he been offered such an opportunity to look different from every other man he meets.

Photograph by Robert Rossell



TALL BUD PALMER likes the easy, fitted lines of the new suit, made to measure for him by Saks Fifth Avenue (\$175).



IVY LEAGUE SUIT, favorite today from Madison Avenue to Market Street, has three buttons, unfitted shape, flap pockets, notch lapels, center vent. For many American men it is the only way to dress and has been since their fathers' day. They are not very likely to change their minds in the near future.



Photo by Robert Rossell

CONTINENTAL SUIT jacket is about one inch shorter—in the Italian manner; has darts to give custom-fit look at waist; a la Bond Street. It has two (sometimes three) buttons, peak lapels, side vents, slanting flapless pockets, an unpadded, more forward shoulder, is worn with neat, spread-collar shirt.



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

Meet the team: HARRY FISHBEIN

This is the second of a series introducing the players who will participate in the World Bridge Championship in February.

THE DEAN of the contract bridge team that will represent the U.S. is colorful, popular Harry Fishbein.

A young-looking 61, Fishbein is the oldest man to represent the U.S. since this World Championship competition began. But, as the only player on the team whose full-time vocation is bridge (he runs New York's Mayfair Bridge Club), Harry plays two sessions of bridge every day and is rarely off top form.

The following deal from a recent rubber game shows him at his brilliant best. Study the bidding and only West's hand and decide what you would lead.

North-South vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH



EAST



WEST



SOUTH

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	2♠	PASS
3♠	PASS	4♠	PASS
4♠	PASS	4♠	PASS
4 NO TRUMP	PASS	5♠	PASS
5 NO TRUMP	PASS	6♠	PASS
6♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Everything about Fishbein has made him a popular favorite with the gallery—and a big one is expected when the World Championship matches are shown to spectators via a new electric board now being built by the American Contract Bridge League, plus a "fishbowl" soundproof booth which will let the audience watch, hear and cheer without disturbing the players.

He plays quickly, seldom huddling and never going into long trances. He is an individualist in his style of play as in his occasionally wondrous maltreatment of the king's English. He is also what his fellow experts term a "position-taker." He makes up his mind about situations with an inspiration based on long experience, sometimes bidding with ultraconservatism and sometimes with unorthodox boldness.

Fishbein's lead against this six-spade contract was typical of his daring and brilliance. Either the queen of hearts or the jack of diamonds seemed safe and sound. But Fishbein led the 8 of clubs away from his king!

It was a lead that could lose only if South held the ace of clubs—which didn't appear likely from the bidding. Its purpose was to force declarer to decide on his play of the clubs *before* he learned about the bad break in trumps.

Put yourself in declarer's shoes. Assuming any reasonable trump break, he could afford to lose a club trick. But he could not afford to lose a finesse in clubs and risk a ruff of the club return if West had led a singleton. So he made the "safe" play. He won the opening lead with dummy's club ace. Then he led a trump and got the bad news.

With any other lead, a declarer would have made his slam. A heart or a diamond would have given him time to test out the trumps. As soon as it was apparent that he had to lose a trump trick, he would have no choice but to take the club finesse and, when it succeeded, that would have been that.

The beauty of this hand—and one reason why Fishbein is such a crowd-pleaser—is that he turned what might have been a routine hand into an exciting one. It would be to see whether our opponents in the World Championship will be able to withstand the excitement.

EXTRA TRICK

Whenever you are on lead, don't automatically make the lead that seems indicated by the cards in your own hand. Make use of the information available from the opponents' bidding; play to mislead the declarer before he can get too much information about a bad break.

Part II

THE JOYOUS ART OF FIGURE SKATING



SKATING IN RHYTHM

BY MARIBEL VINSON WITH MARY SNOW

Illustrated by Robert Riger

Two weeks ago Miss Vinson, holder of 15 national titles and teacher of 3,500 skaters in the past 15 years, explained the five basic steps a novice needs in order to join the fun of figure skating. Now, for the fast-learning beginner and for those who already know how to skate, she introduces the doubly fas-

cinating sport of skating with a partner. She begins on the next page by teaching you the first simple strokes. Then she puts you in the dancing position; sends you whirling off in a waltz and winds up by showing just one of the many patterns which partners can create in the intriguing art of pair skating.

CONTINUED

STARTING TOGETHER

Learn to move in unison

The essential beauty of pair skating is the uninterrupted gliding and flowing across the ice of two people so perfectly in step that they appear to move as one harmonious unit. Obviously, it is an advantage if both of you skate equally well. But even if you can't that need not spoil your fun, for in pair skating the stronger partner will help the weaker to improve. Eventually, each of you will pull his own weight; meanwhile, each can concentrate on coordinating his movements with those of his partner. Begin with the simple forward stroke shown at right. For the correct start, stand side by side (1), hips close together, with the girl's left arm extended in front of the boy. Join the left hands, locking the grip by having the boy hold the girl's thumb (see circle inset). The boy should also place his right arm firmly around the girl's waist and secure it there by taking the same grip on the girl's right thumb as he has on her left. Then, with feet in the basic push-off position you learned at the beginning of part 1, weight on the inside of the right foot, strike off together (2) left foot first, legs in perfect alignment, and the skating knee always ahead of the toe of the skating foot.



LEANING TOGETHER



Forward crossover

In order to cut the even curves basic to pair skating, you must learn to use crossovers. The boy sets the pace and guides the girl with his right hand. The girl must maintain steady pressure with her left hand against the boy's left to keep even spacing between partners. The couple above has just finished crossing right foot over (1) toward center of circle and is preparing to push off onto left feet (2). Note how skaters lean well into circle. Weight is now fully on left feet (3), right feet extended and right legs in perfect alignment ready to swing forward and into the circle for the next crossover.



Back crossover

To cut corners while moving backward, the boy should again take the lead, guiding the girl with hand grip shown in inset. Pair at right is balanced on left outside edges, ready to cross right feet over and inside of left, with blades of skates exactly parallel (see arrows). Then they push back onto left and cross again. To keep the action smooth, the girl must follow directly over the tracing left by the boy's skate. Each partner keeps the connecting arm (left for the girl, right for the boy) extended to keep even spacing and insure that neither skater will pull the other off balance.



After initial push-off (1 and 2), be sure you make each successive stroke (3) with same force as your partner. Keep bodies erect and in line, and as you build up speed, bring feet close together (4) before every new stroke.

SWINGING TOGETHER

Half-circle swings

If you want to improve your timing, particularly in the hand and arm movements, or if you find one partner depending too much on the other's lead, then separate and try following one another in half-circle swings. Striking into the swings, the boy is on the inside of the circle (1) and slightly behind the girl, so that he will not pull too far ahead of her as she skates the outer arc. As they get into the swing (2), the free legs sweep past the skating feet and the boy draws even with the girl. Then the boy moves into the lead (3), as his partner begins to curve in behind him. They finish (4 and 5) with the girl coming in directly behind the boy and on his tracing (5). Throughout this entire



maneuver, both stay on right outside edges and gradually swing the free arms and legs forward before stepping off onto left outside edges to move into the reverse pattern of the swing (see diagram). Once you have learned to imitate one another's movements through half-circle swings, you are ready to get into the waltz position on the next page.

Swing pattern

To carry out half circle to left, swing through stations 6 through 9, reversing leg and body positions (2-5).



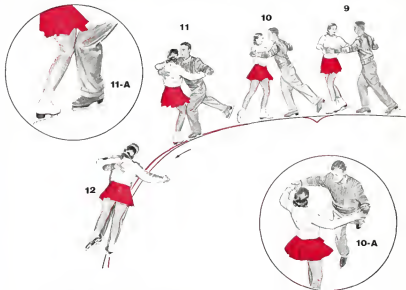
CONTINUED

A GIANT STEP TO DANCE

Getting into waltz position

When you have learned the basic strokes and adjusted your skating styles to one another by practicing the exercises on the previous page, you are ready to take a giant step forward and join the sophisticated skaters who know how to whirl off together in a waltz. Now, in order to waltz, you must break out of the simple side-by-side or follow-the-leader positions of pages 52 and 53 and swing around to face one another without breaking stride. There are a number of ways to do this, among them the mohawk or the simple back-to-front turn; but the most common and the most graceful is for the girl to swing around into the boy's arms using the three turn shown in Part I. Re-

member, even though the girl will be doing the turning, the boy must be in full command and indicate each change of pace or direction. It won't be as difficult as it may sound; actually, you have already done one very simple dance on the ice. The half-circle swings on the preceding page are known in dance terms as "rolls," and when put to waltz music, they become a part of the Dutch Waltz, in which a couple merely swings down the ice, side by side. So start into the formal waltz position with the series of swings shown at right, gradually building up your speed until you get enough momentum to carry you through the first part of the maneuver without losing your rhythm.

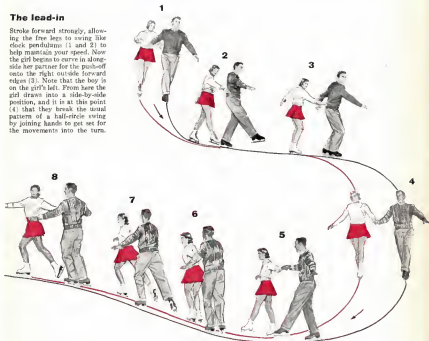


Keys to the waltz turn

Hands are all-important. Even though the girl executes her three turn to perfection, the partners still may not follow through into correct dance position if they do not carry out the action of the hands properly. Figure 10-A (above) is an overhead view of figure 10 in the sequence, illustrating the hand and arm movements the instant after the turn. Note that the boy raises his right arm to act as support for the girl's left hand so she can slide it up onto his shoulder without ever losing contact while he, for his part, will slip his right hand around between her shoulder blades. Note also that he reaches forward with his left hand, palm upward, to offer firm support for the girl's right hand, thus positioning her shoulders perfectly parallel to his, as they must be during waltz. Figure 11-A, a closeup of the knee action in number 11 of the sequence, shows that knee-touching is a pleasant necessity in the ice waltz, where the skating feet must be exactly opposite to allow the boy to track, that is, to skate as close as possible to the ice tracing made by his partner's skate.

The lead-in

Stroke forward strongly, allowing the free legs to swing like clock pendulums (1 and 2) to help maintain your speed. Now the girl begins to curve in along-side her partner for the push-off onto the right outside forward edges (3). Note that the boy is on the girl's left. From here the girl draws into a side-by-side position, and it is at this point (4) that they break the usual pattern of a half-circle swing by joining hands to get set for the movements into the turn.



The moment of the turn

Coming up to the moment of the three turn, the girl moves forward and the boy falls in behind (5), ready to give his partner a strong lead that will make it easier for her to execute the turn. Both skaters maintain firm arm and shoulder positions which keep them an equal distance apart as they push onto left outside forward edges (6), the girl stroking strongly in front of the boy (7). To start her turn (8), she rotates the upper part of her body by bringing her right shoulder and arm forward, head turned into the circle. Meanwhile, the boy moves his free foot close past the skating foot and strokes onto a right inside edge (9). At this instant the girl makes her three turn, sweeping her right arm around in front of her body, ready to place her right hand in the boy's left. At the finish of her turn they are face to face (10), the girl's right leg extended behind her, and the boy's left leg extended in the same manner with the toe the same distance above the ice, thus mirroring his partner's position. The couple is now skating on

opposite feet and ready to move into close dance position.

The action just before and during the turn is very fast—it should take about three seconds altogether, or two full measures of waltz time. Therefore any skaters who use this method of getting into the waltz position will find it easier to attain a smooth performance if they count 1-2-3, 4-5-6 as they go through the sequence numbered 7 to 10 (above). The forward stroke at 7 is the first beat, the second falls between 7 and 8, and the third occurs as the girl begins to revolve her shoulders at 8. The fourth beat comes right at the instant of her turn (9) and the fifth and sixth beats as she rides out of the turn (10).

At the finish of the turn the couple is in full dance position (11), moving off into a half-circle swing or roll (12). They are skating face to face, shoulders parallel, giving each other firm support with hands and arms, their knees bending softly with each stroke as they prepare to swing into the lilting waltz on the next page.

CONTINUED

THE SKATERS' WALTZ

On a skating rink as in a ballroom, there is an infinite number of variations that can be made on the simple waltz. Once you have mastered the basic movements below, in which the partners learn to turn around each other in close dance position without interrupting the smooth flow of skating rhythm, you can easily graduate to the more elaborate sequences of prescribed or improvised patterns (see pages 58, 59) that are the ultimate joy of pair skating.



Getting into the swing

Starting (1) out in close dance position, the boy's left foot crosses just outside his partner's tracing. As his skate moves up opposite hers, the boy goes into a three turn (A), finishing on his left inside back edge. The girl, meanwhile, stays on the right outside back, and while he is executing his turn both skaters swing their free legs pendulum-fashion past the skating feet, the girl still on the right outside back (2). Next, the girl makes a step turn forward and toward the boy (B), both partners changing feet during the turn. Note that they rotate their upper bodies at the same moment so that the shoulders remain parallel (3 and 4) through the turn. The girl then (5) makes her three (C), while the boy holds his right outside back edge. (For a closeup of the leg movement in this critical turn see detail at bottom of opposite page.) Both ride out of the turn (6 and 7) with the shoulders still parallel, so they should be throughout entire pattern. Finally, the boy makes his step turn (D), and note detail at right: toward the girl, while she moves onto a right outside back edge (8), and the couple glides on (9), ready to start another sequence of turns.

LAST STEP TO FREE SKATING

Limbering up for the spiral

Before trying the full arabesque spiral in the pair skating pattern on pages 58 and 59, you should limber up by stretching the inside thigh muscles and those in the back of the leg. To do this, stand parallel to the rink barrier as shown below (at home, use a table or counter). Rest hand and inside of foot on top of barrier, keeping head erect, shoulders and hips level to ice. Press leg absolutely straight against barrier and hold knee rigid. At first, bend skating knee gently to avoid soreness; gradually increase bend until you feel real stretch and pull. Then, with the tendons well loosened, you are ready to stroke into the spiral as shown below.



Boy's turn

For the boy's back-to-front turn (D on page opposite) skating feet should be parallel as partners travel backwards (D-1). Boy turns by bringing left heel down next to right heel (D-2), at same time swinging right heel out with weight on front of blade. Then he makes quick push onto left foot. Meanwhile, girl brings free foot down close to skating foot, stroking gently onto right outside back as couple glides away, skates tracking closely (D-3).

Girl's three

Girl starts into three turn (C, opposite) on left outside forward edge (C-1). In middle of turn (C-2), boy swings free leg back and toward heel of right skate, while girl brings free leg opposite heel of her left skate. As girl completes her turn (C-3), partners' skating feet are parallel.



Rolling into the spiral

Start into spiral on left outside edges. Then cross right leg strongly over left onto deep right outside edges (1 and 2). Keep muscles of back taut, lean body forward from the hips, not the waist. Keep head drawn back and turned to right as you raise legs together (3). As in every skating stroke, it is vital here to keep the skating hip pressed in toward the center of the body. Note also that for this particular move (known as cross roll) skates go from outside edges to outside edges as distinguished from ordinary crossovers where they cross from outside to inside edges. As a result, partners' bodies sway strongly to the right as they lean from one arc into the other. This swaying action, if timed correctly, helps partners swing free legs up into position.

CONTINUED

THE FREEDOM OF THE ICE

Rolling into the pattern

Now your basic lessons are over, and the whole wonderful world of pair skating is literally at your feet. In these concluding pages, Maribel Vinson shows how you can combine some of the steps you have learned in Parts I and II into a sample free-skating pattern which you can follow as illustrated, or vary in any way that suits your fancy.

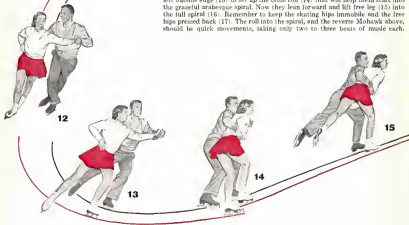
For the sequence shown here, start with a series of swing rolls in close dance position (figures 1 through 5 at right). To get set

for the girl's reverse Mohawk, both partners come out of the last roll stroking strongly on outside edges (6), cross over to inside edges (7) and start actual turn. Leading the girl through the Mohawk (8), the boy uses a new movement called a false step, in which he brings his left foot forward to balance momentarily alongside of his right, but instead of stroking onto the left foot he uses it to push off again onto the right inside forward edge (9) as the girl also pushes onto her own right inside forward.

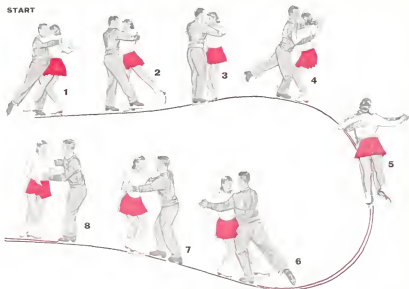


Sweeping into the spiral

Coming out of the turn, the partners are on deep forward inside edges, in a side-by-side position (10). The boy has a firm grip on the girl's waist as he guides her around an arc to the left. Continuing into the arc (11), they push onto left outside edges, then do a right crossover (12), and another very deep left outside edge (13) to set up the cross roll (14) that will help them start into the graceful arabesque spiral. Now they lean forward and lift free leg (15) into the full spiral (16). Remember to keep the skating hips immobile and the free legs pressed back (17). The roll into the spiral, and the reverse Mohawk above, should be quick movements, taking only two to three beats of music each.

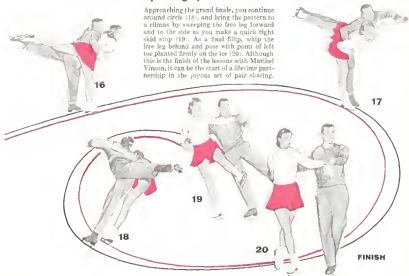


START



Spiraling up to the climax

Approaching the grand finale, you continue around circle (18), and bring the pattern to a climax by sweeping the free leg forward and to the side as you make a quick right skid stop (19). As a final flourish, whip the free leg behind and pose with point of left toe planted firmly on the ice (20). Although this is the finish of the lesson with Mariel Vinson, it can be the start of a lifetime partnership in the joyous art of pair skating.



GREATEST GAME

continued from page 11

lead. And the Giants did, quickly.

The Colt offense, until now clean and quick and precise, began to dither. The protection which had allowed Unitas to wait and wait and wait before he threw, broke down, and Robustelli and Dick Modzelewski ran through weak blocks to dump the Colt quarterback for long losses. The Giants, on the other hand, were operating with the assurance of experience and a long intimacy with the uses of adversity.

They took the lead on the second play of the fourth quarter. Conerly, who had been throwing to Rote and Gifford, suddenly switched targets. He zeroed in on End Bob Schnelker once for 17 yards and repeated on the next play for 45 more and a first down on the Baltimore 15. Then he be-

fuddled the Colt secondary with Schnelker and threw to Gifford on the right sideline, and Gifford ran through a spaghetti-arm tackle on the five to score, sending the Giants into a 17-14 lead.

The Colts now seemed as thoroughly beaten as the Giants had been at the half. Unitas' protection, so solid early in the game, leaked woefully. Only a Giant fumble slowed the New York attack, and when the Giants punted to the Colts with barely two minutes left in the game, not even the most optimistic of the 20-odd thousand Colt fans who came from Baltimore would have bet on victory.

Baltimore started from its 14, and the hero of this sequence was, of all the fine players on the field this warm winter day, the most unlikely. He has a bad back and one leg is shorter than the other so that he

wears mud cleats on that shoe to equalize them. His eyes are so bad that he must wear contact lenses when he plays. He is not very fast and, although he was a good college end, he was far from a great one. On this march, he caught three passes in a row for a total of 62 yards, the last one for 22 yards to the New York 13-yard line. His name is Ray Berry, and he has the surest hands in professional football. He caught the three passes with two Giant defenders guarding him each time. He caught 12 passes for 178 yards in this football game, and without him the Colts would surely have lost.

After Berry had picked the ball out of the hands of two Giant defenders on the New York 13-yard line, Steve Myhra kicked a 20-yard field goal with seven seconds left to play for a 17-17 tie which sent the game into the sudden-death overtime period. The teams rested for three minutes, flipped a coin to see which would kick and which receive, and the Giants won and took the kickoff.

The tremendous tension held the crowd in massing excitement. But the Giants, the fine fervor of their rally gone, could not respond to this last challenge. They were forced to punt, and the Colts took over on their own 20. Unitas, mixing runs and passes carefully and throwing the ball wonderfully true under this pressure, moved them downfield surely. The big maneuver sent Ameche up the middle on a trap play which broke him through the overanxious Giant line for 23 yards to the Giant 20. From there Unitas threw to the ubiquitous Berry for a first down on the New York eight, and three plays later Baltimore scored to end the game. Just before the touchdown a deliriously happy Baltimore football fan raced onto the field during a timeout and sailed 80 yards, bound for the Baltimore huddle, before the police secondary intercepted him and hauled him to the sideline. He was grinning with idiot glee, and the whole city of Baltimore sympathized with him. One Baltimore fan, listening on his auto radio, ran into a telephone pole when Myhra kicked the tying field goal, and 30,000 others waited to greet the returning heroes.

Berry, a thin, tired-looking youngster still dazed with the victory, seemed to speak for the team and for fans everywhere after the game.

"It's the greatest thing that ever happened," he said.

END

FAN GREET'S COLT ALAN AMECHE AFTER HIS SUDDEN-DEATH TOUCHDOWN FLUNGE





PEGGY KIRK BELL, Pine Needles CC, Southern Pines, N.C.

Tip from the Top

Where the natural athlete goes wrong

I HAVE played golf with big six-by-four football players and other tremendously strong athletes who were terribly chagrined because they couldn't hit the ball as far as a woman. They were trying to muscle the ball out, and that just doesn't work in golf. Golf takes more technique, its own technique. At college, for example, I used to play golf with Pauline Betz, our national tennis champion and a wonderful athlete. Pauline used to try to hit the golf ball with an adaption of the tennis forehand, moving forward low with her body as she "stepped into" the ball. That wasn't successful, for golf, as I was saying, has a technique that is singular and subtle.

If the natural athlete approaches golf with the proper respect, he (or she) will not be defeated by the game and give it up, as many do in their first frustration. The natural athlete must toss away the idea that prowess in another game is going to allow him to take short cuts that eliminate learning new (and different) fundamentals. They must, for example, learn to grip the club with the hands together—which most natural athletes new to golf think will weaken their power. Similarly, they all seem to want to move around a lot over the ball, and here again they must understand that gathering brute force and using the natural reflexes for other sports is a language foreign to golf. Golf is golf. However, if a natural athlete has the sense and patience to acquire the fundamentals, then he has an excellent chance to develop into a fine player because of his native coordination.



NEXT WEEK: Jay Hebert on opening the hips

COMING UP

THE RITES OF SPRING

A third league?
A Giant-size year?
Competition for the Yankees?
Everyone will soon be talking baseball—but not as authoritatively as you will when you've enjoyed Roy Terrell's weekly roundup of the big league training camps.

THE BILLY TALBERT STORY

Here's the memorable story of a man who battled both diabetes and the world's finest netmen to reach the top in amateur tennis. A three-part excerpt from Talbert's forthcoming book

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP BRIDGE

The invulnerable Italians (with their weird but wonderful bidding) will be dealing for a third straight championship. And Charles Goren will show you the hands, the play and the personalities.



SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED

IN 1959

19TH HOLE The readers take over

HORSES: EDUCATION IN EQUITATION Sir:

The excellent article on Billy Steinkraus, *Thinker on Horseback* (SI, Dec. 15), brought to mind what a fine job you have been doing in making the general public aware of this particular phase of equestrian sport. Partly due to the lack of proper interest and support, the development of equitation of the type required for international competition has lagged in this country. As a consequence, the whole sport has suffered. Under the leadership of the U.S. Equestrian Team, great strides are now being made to correct this deficiency and to revive an interest in the finer points of equitation.

The articles that have appeared in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, which show a depth of understanding of the subject, have been a tremendous factor in arousing interest and support for the USET program. As far as I know, it is the only popular magazine that has paid any attention to this particular sports activity. I am sure these articles are well read, for my nonhorsey friends all over the country tell me about them.

WALTER G. STALEY

Mexico, Mo.

Sirs:

I would like to propose three big cheers for your Alice Higgins. I have just finished reading her article on William Steinkraus, and I think it is one of her best.

I subscribe to many magazines of the horse world, but none of them are as interesting as *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

I am sure that everybody who has horses or just the person who is the horse lover is thankful that you endeavor to bring the interest of horse showing to all the readers of this magnificent magazine of yours.

JOEL FRITKIN

Los Angeles

TURF, SPORT AND BUSINESS

Sirs:

Happy to see *Sport First*, business second (SI, Dec. 15), by Whitney Tower, an unbiased article on racing for a change. To hear the trade papers tell it, everything is wonderful and all racing officials are above reproach.

Racing is the only sport not run for the convenience of its patrons. And its patrons are not the big sportsmen, but the lowly \$2 bettors. And the \$2 guy hates 2-year-old races, \$100,000 handicaps, maiden races and turf-course races, and all the other junk the race track operators and wealthy turfmen insist on. If racing is a sport, then indeed these races have their place, and racing is indeed for the improvement of the breed.

But when a wealthy sportsman such as Mr. Travis M. Korn, the owner of Round

Table, posts when his horse is weighted with more than 130 pounds and ships his horse from track to track to get the best of it in his quest to become an alltime money winner, then it's still a business and a statistic.

Another thing the race track operators foolishly worry about is off-track betting. As one columnist noted the other day, "Seventy-five percent of the regulars are between 50 and 75 years old." You bet. And who made them regulars? Why, off-track betting, of course. The tracks see not building new clients by refusing to recognize off-track wagering. The states are also unrealistic by stating that such revenue rightfully belongs to the state. Who says so? I say, it's downright illegal for the state to stick its fingers in the pie for from 4% to 10% of my \$2.

Well, I still don't know if it's a sport or a business, probably closer to a gambling game, because I wouldn't walk a block to see a horse race without wagering and neither would 95% of the tracks' patrons either. And, for the love of Mike, make it legal to make a wager off track. I can't see any difference in betting \$50 on a horse or betting \$50 that General Motors will go up in price. The difference being, if you play the stock market you are a financier, if you play the races you are a bum, unless you play at the track, of course, then you are a sportsman. If this letter seems confused, I should, I am.

TOM WEST

San Marino, Calif.

Sirs:

Mr. George Widener is quoted as saying the "Derby is run too early for 3-year-olds." The following table shows the approximate age in months of the horses, plus the distance in furlongs they race.

	AGE	DISTANCE
The Garden State	30	8½
The Pimlico Futurity	30	8½
The Flamingo Stakes	35	9
The Santa Anita Derby	35	9
The Kentucky Derby	37	10
The Belmont Stakes	38	12

The "Derby-too-early" argument had some validity 50 years ago, when many horses spent the winter in the North. Now, singling out the Derby from all the other big races simply doesn't make sense. Racing has a 12-month season. Horses are just as ready the first Saturday in May for 10 furlongs as they were seven months earlier for 8½ furlongs, or as they will be a month later for 12 furlongs.

MIKE BARRY

Louisville

● The comments of Mike Barry, editor of the *Kentucky Irish-American*, are well taken, and Jockey Club Chairman George D. Widener, who

has never yet started a horse in the Kentucky Derby, agrees that he would have no objection to doing so provided that he felt he owned a colt good enough to endure a strenuous winter campaign which would prepare him adequately to run 10 furlongs early in May.—ED.

Sirs:

Your capable Whitney Tower echoes an all-too-popular fallacy when he states that "American racing . . . used to place clear and rightful emphasis on 'classical' 3-year-old stakes . . ." (instead of 2-year-old stakes).

As far back as you can go in American horse racing history, 2-year-old stakes have been more richly endowed than the stakes for 3-year-olds. Indeed, it has only been in modern racing history that big stakes money for 3-year-olds and aged horses has come up to match that given to 2-year-olds.

Belmont Park has pretty much set the standard for American horse racing since it was built in the early 1900s. In all those years, the Belmont Futurity (for 2-year-olds) has netted the winner more than the Belmont Stakes (for 3-year-olds), with only three exceptions—1908, 1946 and 1954. All the way up to 1900 it was worth more to win the Futurity than all three Triple Crown events.

The American Racing Manual lists 13 horses in its "Twentieth Century Hall of Fame": Citation, Colin, Count Fleet, Equipose, Exterminator, Man o' War, Nashua, Native Dancer, Sycamore, Tom Fool and Swaps. All but Exterminator and Swaps were champion 2-year-olds, and most of them did plenty of racing at 2 to earn that honor. Man o' War ran nearly half his races as a 2-year-old. Equipose started more times as a 2-year-old than at any other age. Colin won 12 for 12 as a 2-year-old and ran only three times thereafter. Count Fleet, in a total of 21 starts, raced 15 times as a 2-year-old. Equipose, who raced for six years, had his highest single-season money-winning record at the age of 2.

Let's look at 1921 for another example. That year the Belmont was worth \$8,650 to the winner, the Lawrence Realization \$17,850, the Fraunkens \$43,600, the Derby \$38,450, the Travers \$10,275. These were considered the five top stakes for 3-year-olds. Of the 2-year-old stakes that year the Belmont Futurity was worth \$35,870, the Pimlico Futurity \$42,750, the Hopeful \$34,900, the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes \$32,175. A 3-year-old could win \$118,225 by winning the five top races for his age. But a 2-year-old could have outearned him with \$135,695 in only four races.

In the last 10 years the top 3-year-old winner has earned on the average twice as much as the top 2-year-old money winner.

But if you go back to the old days when three-year-old races had their "rightful emphasis," you'll find many a 2-year-old the top money winner for all ages.

A postscript to Jimmy Kilroe (New York and Santa Anita racing secretary), who would like to see the Belmont run in the fall to give the 3-year-olds a better breathing space between top races.

Maybe he should attempt to have the Lawrence Realization re-added to its rightful emphasis with a \$100,000-added purse. This stake has a history perhaps second to none, with such great winners as Salvatore, Sysonby, Fair Play, Sweep, Man o' War, Rev, Reigh Count, Gallant Fox, Twenty Grand, Granville, Whiteaway and Alab. This race is run in the fall and it is a shame to see it disintegrating into a mean-nothing race, as it has in recent years due to the paucity of the purse.

JIM MARUGG
Turf editor

The Independent Star-News
Pasadena, Calif.

• Reader Marugg cites the Belmont Futurity as the example of early, rich 2-year-old stakes, and rightly so. However, it must be noted that any Futurity (in which the juveniles of an entire crop are nominated even before they are born) is apt to have a larger purse value than any other form of stakes race. Nothing falsifies relative merits of Thoroughbreds more than a quick look at comparative earnings, and no earning opportunity has increased in the modern racing calendar faster than in the 2-year-old division. In 1942, for example, 2-year-old champion Count Fleet, in winning 10 of 15 starts (and never being out of the money), won only \$76,245. In 1959 there will be nearly a dozen opportunities for any 2-year-old to win more than that sum in one race. Of four races in which Count Fleet competed in 1942, which were also held in 1958, here are the purse increases: 1) For running second in the Washington Park Futurity Count Fleet earned \$6,000; in 1958 the second horse, Winsome Winner, received \$25,000. 2) Third place in the Belmont Futurity earned \$4,000 for Count Fleet; last fall it was \$7,500 for Danee. 3) Count Fleet's victory in the Champagne Stakes was worth \$9,375; it was worth \$96,879 to First Landing last season. 4) Count Fleet's Pimlico Futurity netted him \$30,820, compared to the \$119,571 earned in 1958's Pimlico Futurity by Intentionally. In these four races only two of which he won! Count Fleet won \$50,195. A duplicate performance by one 2-year-old in 1958 would have been worth \$248,911. Whereas 3-year-old purses have increased over the years, too, the relative jump has not been as large as in the 2-year-old division. Increased emphasis on 2-year-old races and purses? The answer is definitely yes.—ED.

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CONSTANCE M. K. APPLEBEE

'Now run, you dumb things'

Possibly the oldest game played with stick and ball is field hockey, a game well known to the ancient Greeks but introduced here only 57 years ago by the deceptively gentle-looking old lady shown above with some young players. Field hockey is now taught at 2,000 schools and played by 100,000 women, and this healthy state is due in large part to Miss Applebee's temperament: "The Apple" is a fast-charging, acid-tongued and completely tireless old pro who has dominated the American game ever since she introduced it during a women's physical education course at the Harvard summer school in 1901.

Over the past 50 years Miss Applebee's awe-inspiring

instructions ("Now run, you dumb things!") have rung over the playing fields of Wellesley, Smith, Mount Holyoke and Bryn Mawr, wherever, in fact, the game needed encouragement. Her girls never forget her. A Philadelphia matron with three grown sons reports an occasional nightmare in which she stands rooted to the field with The Apple's caustic voice ringing in her ears. Now in her 80s, Miss Applebee still conducts the famous fall sessions at her Mt. Pocono Hockey Camp and is looking forward keenly to 1963 when teams from 20 countries, all members of the international association, will gather at Baltimore's Goucher College for the greatest exhibition of women's hockey ever seen in the U.S.



Edison Marshall, author of *The Viking*, on Palovina Island off Puerto Rico. Photograph by Tom Holloman.

"As a veteran rum bibber, I found the Puerto Rican variety warming, gentle—and dry."

"The beauty of Puerto Rico came as no surprise to me," says Edison Marshall of Augusta, famed author and traveler, "but the *rum* did. Ah, the rum.

"Imagine a rum so brilliant that it tastes superb in a *highball*. Just a jigger of rum, ice and soda.

"And since my return home, I have found that the remarkable rums of Puerto Rico taste every bit as good in a wide variety of drinks.

"We have offered our friends in Augusta

dsiquiris, Rum punch, Rum and tonic. Rum on the rocks. Rum sours. Each rum drink has been a success—and now we find our friends offering us rum.

"I'll never forget my charming adventure in Puerto Rico. Or my discovery of dry rum."

Rum Highball Recipe: 1½ oz. Puerto Rican rum (white or gold), ice. Add mixer. Many people add a lemon twist. For free rum recipes, write: Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. S-3, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

Rum Highball →



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